

## GRIMSPOUND, A DARTMOOR LAURA ?

**F**ROM the roof of the clock tower at Buckfast Abbey it is just possible to catch a glimpse of the high range of Dartmoor hills called Hamildon Down. It is in a straight line with the eye of the observer facing due north. In one of the folds of that imposing section of the Dartmoor uplands, there lies hidden a mysterious relic of antiquity which goes by the name of Grimspound. If one could follow the bee-line, not many hours of brisk walking would take one from Buckfast Abbey to the slopes whereon Grimspound is ensconced. But the bee-line would land the venturesome into unexpected tortuosities of rock and river. There would be the passage of the Dart, and the stream has a bad name at Lovers' Leap, which is precisely under the bee-line. Happily, the motor has been given by a kind Providence to an age that is bent on avoiding all superfluous trouble and we may reach Grimspound in half an hour from the Abbey gates, by roads which are circuitous, indeed, but still very beautiful, though not so beautiful as the road followed by the honey-bee.

Let me here quote some extracts from a guide book without any blushing : " Grimspound is an irregular circular enclosure containing four acres within the boundary wall. It is situated on the slope of a hill, and the position is obviously ill-adapted for defence, as it is commanded by higher ground on three sides. A little stream, the Grimslake, flows through the enclosure.

The wall itself is double-faced and the two faces have fallen inwards. . . A trackway from Manaton to Headland Warren runs through the pound, and the wall has been broken through for this purpose in two places ; but the original entrance to the S.S.E. is perfect, and it is paved, and in it three steps have been formed, as the descent was into the pound ; another token that the enclosure was not intended as a fortress.

The entrance is eight feet wide, and no outwork was constructed to prevent it from being " rushed " by an enemy. The walls of the enclosure, here and throughout, are from ten to twelve feet thick. . . Each wall is three feet six inches wide at base, and was three feet at top.

Presumably, Grimspound was not a fortified village, and was merely a pound into which cattle were driven for protection against wolves. It is just possible, but hardly probable, that it was the place of refuge for the scattered population on Hookner and Hamildon.

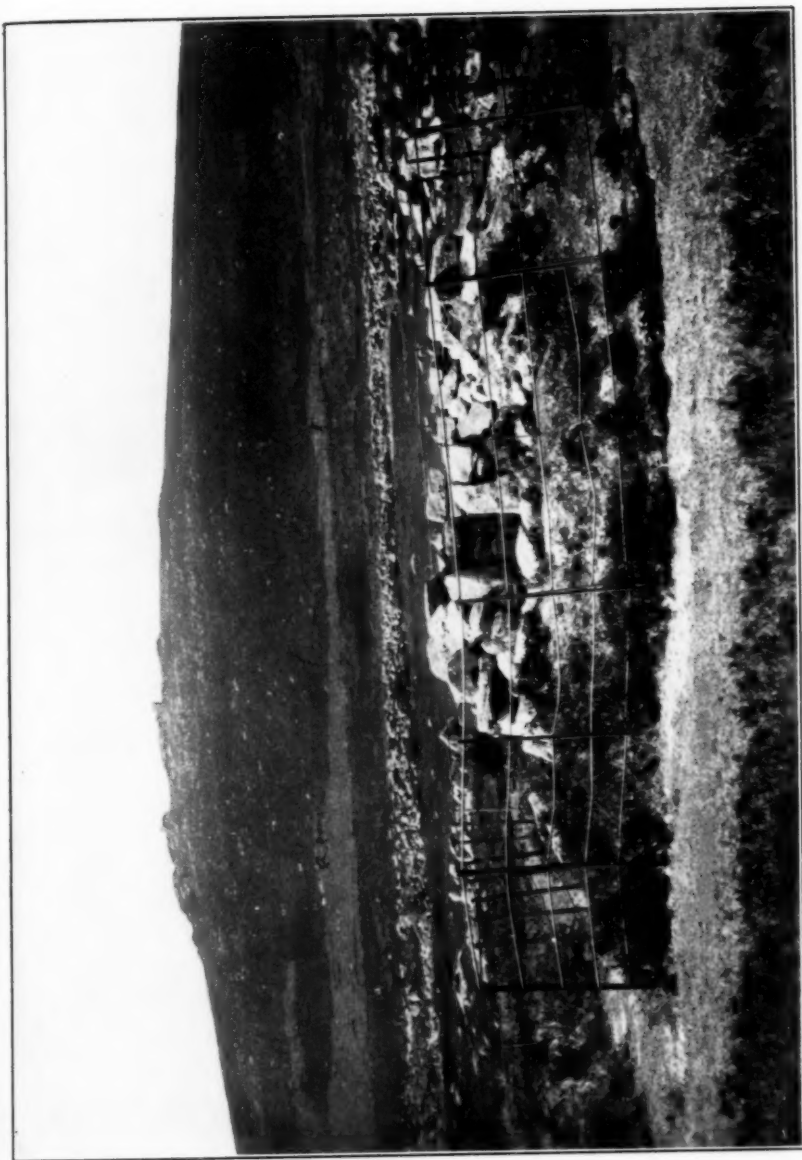
Within the pound are twenty-four hut circles, most have been explored and one has been partially restored, and is enclosed within a railing. The object of this restoration was to discover by piling up the stones found in and about the wall of the hut, what its height had originally been, and this was determined to have been four feet."<sup>1</sup> (Cf. Plate I.)

Grimspound has been the goal of many an antiquarian's pilgrimage and the *rendez-vous* of learned societies of many names. They all have asked the question, what do these stones mean? Without exception their theories have pointed, more or less directly, to something heathenish. Ancient Britons, or still less reputable specimens of savage humanity, are supposed to have constructed that gigantic enclosure. Baring-Gould, in the passage just cited, shows the barrenness of those unregenerate hypotheses. He makes those cyclopean walls a mere protection against wolves, for the sake of meek Dartmoor sheep. If he had made Grimspound into a defence against primitive mastodons, there might have been some appropriateness in the suggestion!

In summer it is not easy to find Grimspound free from that modern heathen, the everyday Britisher on his holiday. He loves to lie in the deep, soft heather, dreaming of a vague, unchristian past, eating eggs and bananas and leaving everywhere the foul traces of his feast.

It may have been a subconscious reaction against that prevalent heathenism; it may have been an inspiration. The fact is that, one day, a few summers ago, when I found myself at Grimspound, the question flashed across my mind, why should not *monks* have dwelt here? I knew, of course, I was not using the word monk in the mediæval or modern sense, but with a remoter and more elusive meaning. I was not thinking of the monks who sing plain-chant in canopied stalls in Gothic cathedrals, but of monks who, as often as not, recited the psalter whilst they were standing in cold water up to their necks,—in fact, I had in mind that most singular specimen of monkhood, the Celtic cenobite. Why then, I asked myself, and I asked the friends who were with me, should a man be

<sup>1</sup> Baring-Gould, "A Book on Dartmoor."



*Chapmans; Dartfish.*

I. GRIMSPOND, DARTMOOR: CELL (?) IN FOREGROUND.



*By courtesy of Mr. Thomas Mason: Dublin.*

11. BEEHIVE CELL AT FAHAN, DINGLE PENINSULA: REMAINS OF OTHERS BEHIND.

thought foolish if he asserted that Grimspound was a settlement of Celtic monasticism, in the days when monks did marvellous things without number? Charles Kingsley's reasoning, in "Water-Babies," came to my mind—Kingsley's birthplace was visible on the distant Holne Moor—"How can you prove, Sir, that there *are* no water-babies?" How can any man disprove finally that Celtic monks did not inhabit Grimspound? Everything that the heart of such a Christian could desire is to be found in these pure altitudes. But, of course, this was merely a negative beginning of my new faith in the meaning of Grimspound, a *removens prohibens*, as we say in theology. Not long after, however, when I again visited Hamildon Down, one of my companions was a member of the Abbey, who had been in Palestine for a number of years. "How very much like an eastern Laura," he exclaimed, when he entered the mysterious enclosure. Here, then, was the first germ of a positive faith. Grimspound does look like a Laura of Eastern monks, on the Jordan, in the days of St. Jerome. I was ready for this suggestion, as history tells us that the whole ambition of the Western monks was to do things just as they did them in the East, in Egypt and Palestine. I speak, of course, of centuries whose numerals read like the ages of children,—the fifth, sixth and seventh.

But more assurance was in store for me. Last autumn it was my privilege to entertain as my guest the Rev. Father Coleman, of the Friar Preachers, from Black Abbey, Kilkenny. Father Coleman has been for many years a member of the Irish Royal Society of Antiquarians. Many are the Celtic antiquities he has visited on the western shores of Erin and Caledonia. One day, walking with me along the banks of the Dart, the good friar was telling me of his pilgrimage to the Purgatory of St. Patrick, Lough Derg. The ascetical details greatly edified me, but the topographical description of the famous pilgrimage interested me still more. "Father," I said, "we have something like what you speak of in this neighbourhood. You must see it and give me your opinion on it. It is Sunday to-morrow. After our Masses we will go to Grimspound." A friendly car was secured. Father Coleman asked the loan of a mason's rule from one of our building brothers to take the exact measurements. The morning was ideal, fairylike. Anything preternatural might happen on Dartmoor in such colour and light.

Arriving at Grimspound, hardly had we entered the enclosure when my observant companion recognized the great

similarity between the ancient monastic settlements in Ireland and this strange relic of human effort on Dartmoor. Like myself, he emitted the negative profession of faith that there is no reason why Grimspound should not be looked upon as a Celtic Laura. I expressed a doubt, based on the difficulty—nay impossibility, of feeding even Celtic monks in such a wilderness. "That is nothing," said the Dominican, and, having made a special study of the subject, proceeded to give me the usual *menu* these hermits enjoyed. Watercress, milk, bread made in a most healthy way from grain brought from some centre of civilization,—such was the staple diet of these monks. I understood my instructor to say that he had followed no other *régime* for years, and felt strong and happy on it.

A few weeks after Father Coleman had returned to Black Abbey, he sent me his reasoned theory as to the origin of Grimspound. This learned opinion of my friend of the white habit is the purple patch in the garment of my article. So I give the gist of it, with the leave of the author:—

"*Grimspound, Co. Devon.* A Celtic Monastic Foundation. Antiquarians generally assign a very remote foundation to this curious collection of circular stone dwellings, surrounded by a thick wall, and situated on the hills of Dartmoor. A far more probable hypothesis would be to assign it to the seventh century, when Irish monks were establishing monasteries in England to convert the Saxons. The circular walls, built partly of cyclopean masonry and without lime cement, were the usual mode of structure adopted by these ancient monks. Examples of these cells still remain in Ireland. There is, for instance, on Church Island in Lough Lee, in the county of Kerry, the house of St. Finan Cam, who flourished in the sixth century. This structure, though nearly circular on the outside, is nearly quadrangular on the inside. . .

The strong wall round the huts at Grimspound has led antiquarians to think that the place was a fortified enclosure. Against this theory is the fact that there is no defending parapet inside, as is seen in the Fort of Dun Aengus, in the north island of Aran. The monasteries were always surrounded by a high wall, not for the purpose of defence, but to keep all external objects out of view. Venerable Bede, in the seventeenth chapter of his life of St. Cuthbert, a Celtic monk, describes his monastery on the Island of Farne, in Northumberland. The monastery, or rather, Laura, with

encircling wall, was almost of a round form, four or five perches in diameter from wall to wall. The wall on the outside was of the height of a man, but on the inside was made higher by sinking the natural rock, to prevent the thoughts from rambling by restraining the sight to the view of the heavens only. It was not formed of cut stone or brick cemented with mortar, but wholly of rough stones and earth which had been dug up from the middle of the enclosure, and of these stones which had been carried from another place, some were so large that four men could scarcely lift one of them. (Vide Vit. St. Cuthberti, apud Colgan, *Acta S.S.* p. 667.)

With this description in hand the visitor to Grimspound will come to the conclusion that it also was a monastic foundation, probably of St. Petrock, a saint who founded several monasteries in and around Co. Devon."

As regards the resemblance to the Purgatory of St. Patrick, Father Coleman told me in a recent letter the following:—"The cells in St. Patrick's Purgatory are round, but generally smaller than those of Grimspound. Two of them are larger and adjacent to each other. Only foundations and a couple of feet of the walls of the cells remain, as the place was destroyed by orders of Queen Elizabeth. There is no encircling wall as far as I can see." We do not know what powerful authority pulled down our Devon Laura, but at any rate, the round cells are in the same state of disrepair at Grimspound as at Lough Derg.

But better evidence in favour of my wistful theory was forthcoming, of more positive and visible kind. Father Coleman put me, later on, in touch with a certain most enthusiastic Celtic antiquarian, a Mr. Thomas H. Mason, optician, Dame Street, Dublin, who, only last year, took photographs of the monastic settlements of Western Ireland, in places accessible to seagulls only, under ordinary conditions. Very soon I found myself in possession of a series of splendid views of the almost incredible sites whereon are perched authentic monastic cells preserved almost intact from the seventh century. The three photographs reproduced here are from this collection. (Plates II., III. and IV.)

Skellig, or the Rock of St. Michael, is the larger of two craggy islets jutting out of the Atlantic nine miles from the deeply-indented coast of Kerry, and has been called "the most western of Christ's fortresses in the ancient world." It typifies, more than anything else I have seen, the inextin-

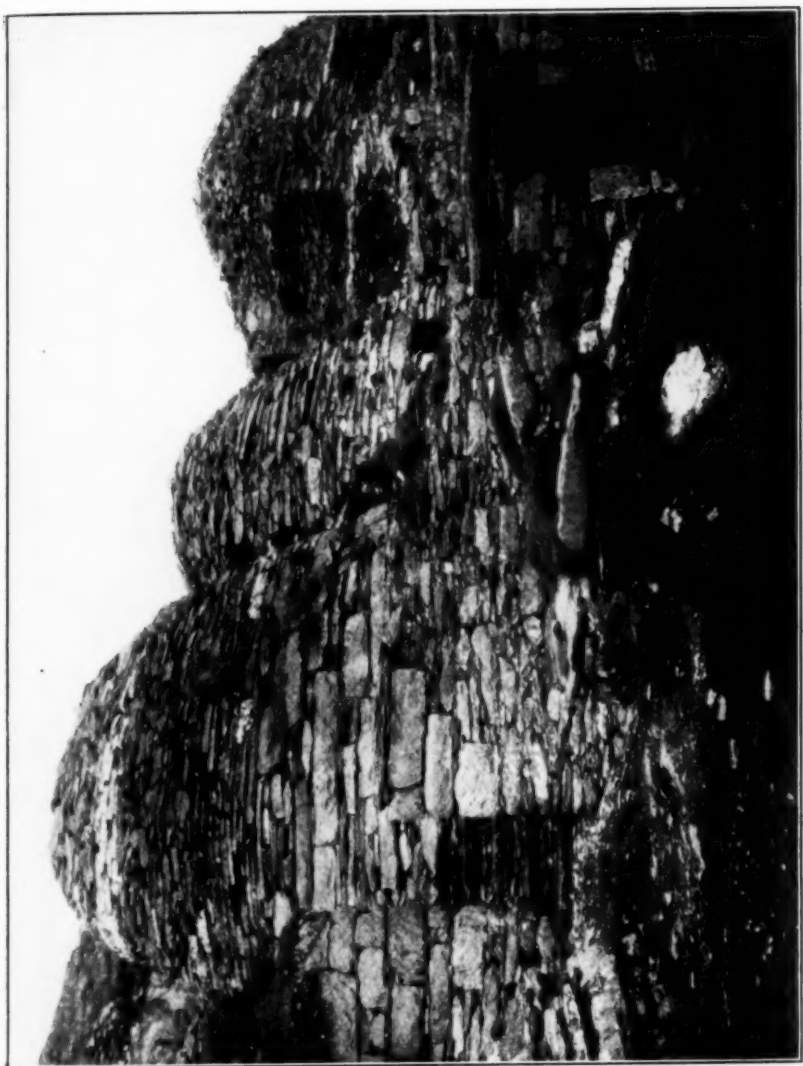
guishable thirst of the Celtic religious mind for solitude. Skellig has four perfectly-preserved bee-hive cells, (Plate III.) with a few oratories of the same size. This monastic settlement is on a ledge towards the top of Skellig Michael, over five hundred feet above the level of the surrounding Atlantic. No one has ever doubted the origin of these strange bee-hive habitations; they are a genuine monastery of the seventh century. So also are the round dwellings of Fahan, on the Dingle peninsula (Plate II.); so, too, are many others.

The accompanying views show several aspects of this typical Celtic monastery; such as the saints of Erin and Caledonia founded in hundreds. The resemblance with the Dartmoor remains is sufficiently evident. If analogy is any guide to history, it is a great teacher here. Still, how men lived in such exposed, remote and inaccessible solitudes must ever make us marvel. Truth to tell, Grimspound would almost have been a pleasure-resort by comparison, for it is a site not wholly out of contact with the civilization of the period, being not twenty miles from Exeter, the one township of England which has continuously existed since the Roman occupation.

It may be objected that monks could not have handled all the materials, usually termed cyclopean, that entered into the enclosure wall of Grimspound. Yet in Ireland we have most undisputed evidence of such monastic achievements. The hermits worked hard with their hands to keep the mind free. That there were heavy, nay dangerous, tasks undertaken by those primitive builders appears from more than one anecdote in the Celtic hagiographies. Even at so remote a period there were abbots who had the building fever, and who pushed on their jobs with intemperate energy!

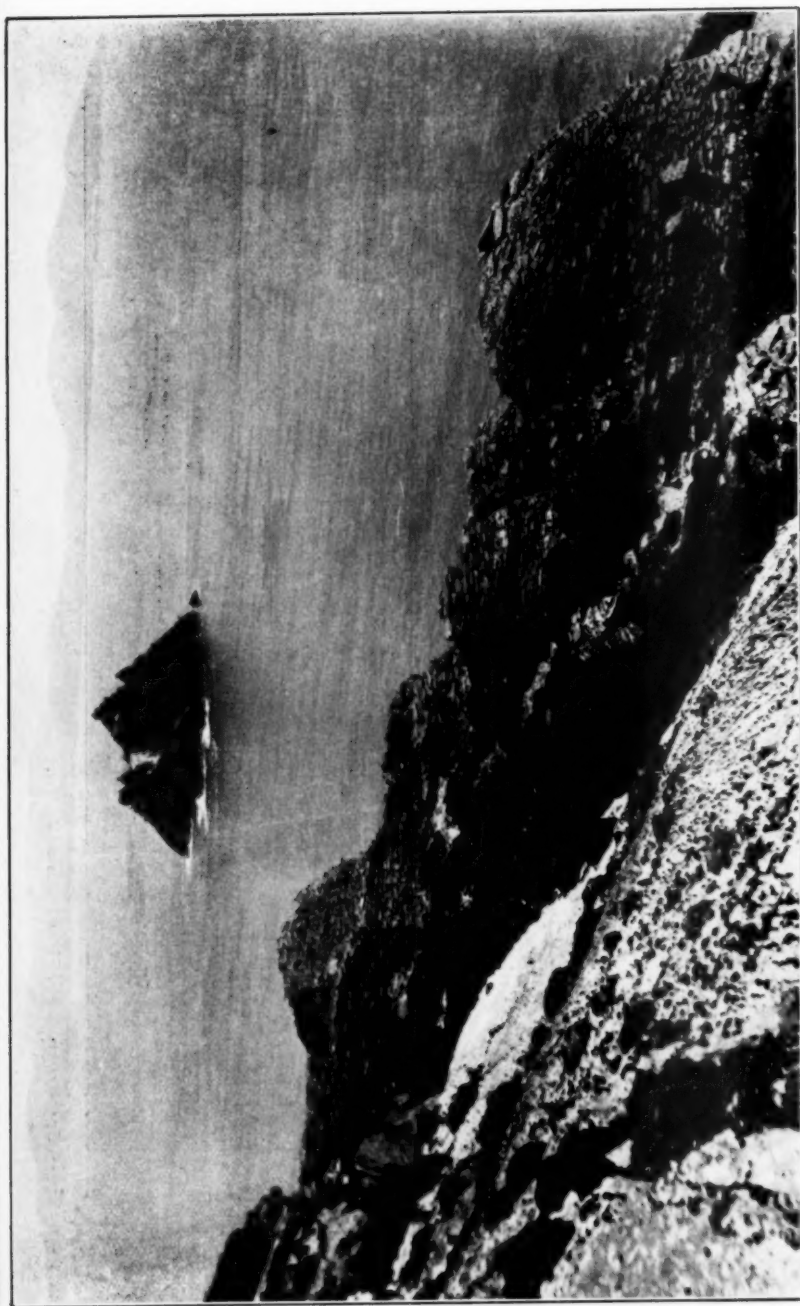
Montalembert, for instance, tells us<sup>1</sup> of St. Columba that "at Iona, on a day of chilly fog, such as occurs often in that sombre climate, he was suddenly seen to burst into tears. When asked the reason of his distress he answered, 'Dear son, it is not without reason that I weep; at this very hour I see my dear monks of Durrow condemned in this dreary weather to be building the great round tower of the monastery, and the sight overwhelms me.' The same day and the same hour, as was afterwards ascertained, Laisran, the Abbot of Durrow, felt within himself something like an internal flame, which re-awakened in his heart a sentiment of pity for his monks. He immediately commanded them to leave their work, to warm

<sup>1</sup> "Monks of the West," Vol. III.



*By courtesy of Mr. Thomas Mason: Dublin.*

III. THE SKELLIG LAURA: CELLS, AND DOORWAY OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.



*By courtesy of Mr. Thomas Mason: Dublin.*

IV, BEEHIVE CELLS (BACK VIEW) ON SKELLIG MICHAEL; LITTLE SKELLIG IN DISTANCE, AND KERRY COAST BEYOND.

themselves, and to take some food, and even forbade them to resume their building until the weather had improved."

Celtic monasticism is one of the most prodigious things in the history of Christendom; it has affected deeply the fortunes of Catholicism, not only in the British Isles but all over Europe. Of its immense influence there can be no doubt,—a power so great and so manifest that legend could grow upon it as luxuriantly as ivy grows on the trunk of an ancient oak without impairing its vitality. Its true energy was too great to be obscured by all the fantastic tales of domination over nature which are embodied in the Celtic hagiographies.

Now, it is becoming more and more certain that there used to be a strong Celtic monasticism in the south-west of England, just as in Ireland, or in Wales, or in Scotland. In spite of the systematic destruction of monuments and records by Protestantism, names have survived which are the evidence of something very great. St. Petrock, already mentioned, was a Celtic monk of the traditional type in the seventh century. His Latin Life has been rediscovered recently and there we have all we could desire for our present purpose—evidence of men in large numbers, peopling the ill-charted solitudes of Devon and Cornwall, doing wonders in the wilderness, journeying to Rome, even to the Far East, and always coming back to their cells in the western English uplands.

It is not maintained here, or even suggested, that St. Petrock actually founded Grimspound. The issue is a larger one. His ubiquitous name is a guarantee that Celtic monasticism was strong in Devon and Cornwall, on Dartmoor and on the Cornish moors. Certainly, anything he might have built, with the aid of his companions, in the way of a permanent monastery would have been in the style of the Grimspound settlement, not in the style of a Saxon or Norman Abbey. That St. Petrock was active all over South Devon and the Moor seems to be evident from the numerous churches dedicated to him in all that region. Prebendary Chanter says of him that he is the probable founder of Buckfast Abbey, "which is, with the exception of Exeter, the only religious house in Devon, the foundation of which goes back to Celtic times." Dartmoor has, it is true, many other hut-circles, though none of them has the formidable appearance of Grimspound. Were they all cells of monks? This is not likely, though many may have been. The legends of those early Celtic saints represent them seeking deeper and deeper soli-

tude, and yet meeting with ordinary men everywhere, whose hard lives and fortunes they shared.

I have not written this essay merely as a poor *jeu d'esprit*; rather, it is my serious intention to show that there is a strong probability in the theory that monks have dwelt at Grimspond. Such sweet probabilities are often sufficient to lend a further enchantment to our surroundings. From one of the two high tors between which Grimspond lies sheltered, there is a truly wonderful panorama of the lovely and fertile country stretching far beyond. The eye sees far towards north and east, but the gaze of the imagination goes further still, over all the undulations of the British Isles. Now, there is this certain fact. For a thousand years every nook and corner of this great land harboured Catholicism, living, unalloyed. Who were the men under Christ who brought Christianity into this pagan land, made the very soil, the very hills, Christian, where everything had been previously steeped in vital, atavistic heathenism? We know how difficult it is to change the religious temperament of a race or a territory. Yet it was done. Perhaps there is much more meaning in the ascetical and miraculous power of the Celtic monks than a critical eye would allow. It was those monks, of whom we are apt to think now all too seldom, who Christianized the very soil of Erin and of Britain.

DOM ANSCAR VONIER, O.S.B.

## IN THE DAYS OF "YOUNG IRELAND"

**I**T was down in Bawnclew, where I come from, that it happened; and the first I heard of the story was on a night such another as this, when the neighbours were tracing relationships, after an old woman had been laid to rest.

They were great at that in Bawnclew. Without leaving the hob, any old person could tell to a man who was at a funeral and why; and if there had been anyone at it that shouldn't—some black stranger, say, that no one knew—the talk would go on for hours.

That's why I remember that night so well. As far as I could make out, there must have been people at that old woman's funeral who had no call to be there at all; for there was not one came into our house that night that didn't ask my mother the same questions: "Who was the owner of the big outside car that had joined the funeral at Kilrahan Cross?" "Who was the grand girl that was seen crying like the rain in the churchyard when everyone else had turned about to leave the dead with the dead?" And when I crept into bed at last, I couldn't sleep till all hours I was so frightened; for I was too young to know what the old people were telling, and could think of nothing but the great carload of ghosts that had come to bury old Betty O'Neill.

Now, you've often heard me talk of Bawnclew, and of the furze-thatched hill that rises so big and so bold to look off at the Shannon? Well, it was just at the butt of that hill that old Betty's cabin stood; a poor, lonesome, rain-streaked hovel, with its door in the gable always open and staring in a wistful sort of way down the narrow, grey road, which at that time came straight and bare through the moors, till the hill stopped it and split it—winding one arm round to the Bottoms, and sending the other, with a bend in its elbow, off to the stage-coach town. Not far from the cabin, and near the fork of the roads, was a great ash tree with a big withered arm down to the ground; and the first and last time I saw Betty O'Neill, she was sitting there in the shadows watching the night creep up from the moors. I was only a little thing at the time, and very much afraid you may be sure of the strange old woman—so stooped and so withered and so white; but I remember the same as yesterday the one and only remark

she made to my mother, who had brought her some little comforts and was trying to say something to cheer her up.

"May God forgive the man who sint me son across the says; but I never can nor will."

And she looked so fierce and so terrible all at once that my mother had to hurry away with me I cried so much; and when I looked back and saw the poor, distracted old creature still there in the blur of the dusk, I cried more than ever; for I thought that that was the first time that the tree had bent down, and that it was trying to put its poor withered arm about her to comfort her in her trouble. I did indeed.

Seldom was there a poor old woman who needed consolation so much.

Some time before there had been a raid for arms on the landlord's house, and the one and only son old Betty had was transported on the head of it. Maybe the poor fellow wasn't mixed up in the affair at all, for the Bawnclew boys were not in the habit of raiding houses at home; but the landlord had his eye on Maurice O'Neill, and off he was shipped with the rest.

Well, after hearing the sentence, and ever after up to a short time before her death, the poor old mother was heard to complain of a great blackness about her.

"It's always roun' me," she would say; "in the kitchen, in the fields, in the win' an' in the sky. Sure, it's on'y whin I sit under the tree an' look down the road that it lightens an' lets me breathe."

That was at first. Then, as time went on, nothing would put it out of her head but that her son would come up the road some evening when the light would be dying on the moors. So, there under the tree she would sit until the shadows got long and queer, and the dusk crept up and met the darkness that was always waiting for her in her cabin. Sometimes of an evening she would feel that she could not face that darkness, and up the hill she would climb in search of decayed furze branches for her fire; and then for the greater part of that night the doorway in the gable would look like a long, yellow picture, with the black of the night for a frame, hanging high at the turn of the road, and travellers pulling up for directions to the stage-coach town would be much upset to see a demented old woman come out to inquire about her son, and then call down all sorts of maledictions upon the head of the man who had robbed her of her child. It was terrible.

But one dun-skied Patrick's Eve as old Betty was gathering her bundle of sticks, the night overtook her before she felt, and sitting down near a darksome cluster of furze, she saw ghosts come creeping up the hill and heard voices whisper and call. Deep manly voices they sounded too, whenever they forgot to whisper. But she wasn't a bit afraid; and as likely as not she would have sat there as contented as you please till all hours, if one of the ghosts hadn't come over to question her. A great big ghost he seemed, too, fingering something like a pistol every time he asked what she was doing there; but not as much as a yes or no would she answer. Soon another ghost came out from nowhere, and another and another and another, and they all pressed stoopingly about her, till all at once she got frightened and began to cry. And it was then that a tall, soldierly-looking figure came in through the wall of the dark and brushed the others out of his way.

"We must remember our own mothers, boys," he said. "Does anyone know where this poor old woman lives?"

Someone did, and told him where; and without another word he crooked one arm about the bundle of furze branches she had collected, and with the other supported and guided old Betty till they came to her cabin door.

He stood then, sudden like, and faced in a curious listening sort of way in the direction of the road. He might have been dead so still did he stand.

"God bless an' go wid ye!" said Betty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her shawl; "sperrit or sperrit not, ye're a fine brave fellow."

She turned to look at him then, but he was already a part of the dark, and as she peered for a moment this way and that, something came and told her that he was the ghost of one of the great old chieftains, but nothing told her that there was a price upon the poor fellow's head that would have made many a one rich for life.

The fire was nearly out when she went into her lonely cabin; but she soon coaxed it with furze and peat, and instead of piling on the dry branches to make a blaze, she sprinkled and swept the hearth real clean as if she was expecting someone; then getting her beads she knelt down, and, for the first time since the day of the trial, she said the Rosary for her son.

Goodness alone knows what grace was given to the poor, heart-broken mother at that moment. Sure, after all, wasn't it to the Great Mother of Sorrows Herself she was talking, and how could any mortal being do anything but what was

right at such a time. Anyway, old Betty told my mother afterwards that she could not for the life of her get up from her knees till she had said a decade of the Rosary for the man who had left her without her son. And she was still fingering the beads—maybe crying over them, too,—when the door opened in a slow sort of way and a man came in.

In the trembling shadows of the firelit kitchen, in the twilight gropings of her poor old mind, the heart-hungry mother had no second thought as to who her visitor was.

"Maurice!" she cried. "Me own darlin' boy, you've come back—back to your lonely mother! Ah, I knew ye would! I knew ye would!"

And crooning and crying from sheer joy, she got up and stretched out her arms; but the man saying something, and coming more into the light, she stopped short; the wild words of welcome dying on her lips.

For it wasn't her son at all who had come in from the night; but a black stranger. He was young and good-looking and grandly dressed, and as he stood as straight as a ramrod, with his head nearly touching the collarbeam of the cabin, Betty O'Neill thought she had never seen a finer or prouder looking gentleman. He looked all about the kitchen as if expecting to see someone else, and when he spoke—which was not till he had had another good look around—the old woman could not make out a word of what he said, the accent was so strange—so English.

"I beg yer honour's pardon!" she says with a half sob, "but I took ye for somewan else—somewan that's far away."

She got it hard to keep back the tears as she looked at his straightness and his height. Her son was only a poor labouring boy, but he used to stand just like that.

"If it's the stage-coach road ye're wantin'," she says after a bit, "it's the wan on the right han' side as ye kem up."

But the stranger didn't seem to be bothering about the stage-coach road. Save for a slight movement with his hand towards the door as if to keep someone back, he stood stock still, and in the silence that set in, old Betty could have sworn she heard the sound of a woman's sob. For just one creepy moment, too, she had a notion that a shrinking, black-hooded figure was peeping in; but when she listened and looked, she heard only the croon of the wind in the ash; saw only the great black shoulder of night and the shadows playing hide and go seek on the wall.

All this time the strange man was looking about the kitchen

in a quick, jerky sort of way as if he expected to see a ghost in every corner; not as if he were afraid, you know; but just curious. At last, with another wave of his hand towards the door, he came right down to the hearthstone, and now that the light was full upon him, Betty could see that his face was very pale, and that he had a queer, dazed sort of look for all the world like a man who had been drinking heavily and suddenly sobered.

"It can't be possible that you are alone here," he says, looking at her in a puzzled sort of way. "Surely, there is someone else in the house—somewhere?"

The old woman looked at him in wonder. Then, before she could say a word, he pointed to the dark doorway which led to her one solitary room at the back of the fireplace, and said in a quick, vexed sort of way: "Is there anyone in that room?"

"O then who would be in id?" says old Betty, beginning to cry, for her heart was sick from the disappointment and her throat dry and parched from the fear. "Who would I have in id," she sobbed, "since ye left me without me boy?"

"Tell me—and tell me quick—who is in that room," he says again in a voice that was big and terrible.

Betty O'Neill stopped her crying like a shot and looked at him. Her face darkened and her eyes glared. Out from the room and in through the door the old blackness came stealing—the blackness that the ghost of the chieftain had somehow or other sent away for a little time—the blackness that had first come upon her in the crowded courthouse when a voice such another as this sent her son to a living death and herself to a desolate hearth.

"Let me out!" she cried with sudden passion. "Let me out into the night an' to the light. Ah, it's ye indeed who should know whether I'm alone or not. Ye took good care of that whin ye robbed me of me boy. Let me out, I tell ye, or it will be worse for ye."

Screeching and barging and cursing and praying, she was making for the door, when all at once two soft arms were thrown about her, and the next moment the grandest young girl she had ever seen was sobbing her heart out on old Betty's shoulder and beseeching her between her sobs not to say she was alone.

Poor cracked Betty O'Neill looked from the man to the girl and from the girl to the man. Who were they at all; where had they come from, and where were they going? And

why did the man leap from the fireplace like that and try to stop the girl from talking.

"She's an old woman—you will frighten her to death," he said in a voice that was no longer big or cross. But he was too late.

"Someone was answering the Rosary," cried the strange girl as Betty looked at her in terror. "It came to us like the voice of an angel—only purer, grander and sweeter—when we stopped to inquire the way. Oh, for God Almighty's sake, don't say you are here all by yourself!"

Betty O'Neill saw the shadows stop their gambolling on the wall, and knew that in a moment they would be part of the blackness that was trying to get at her from the door. But something within her—the mother-love maybe that the girl had stirred—fought the crackedness long enough for her to see and hear some of the things that were happening. She saw the girl fall upon her knees before the man and implore him for the love of God to take her home. She saw the man pile the whole bundle of furze upon the fire till the kitchen blazed with light; she heard the clear bold ring of his voice as he peeped into the room and asked if there was anyone there. She saw the girl faint quietly away in the silence like death that followed. She saw the man take a blazing branch from the fire and disappear into the room. She saw him come back after what seemed an age, with a queer scared look in his eyes and his face the colour of the wall. She saw that frightened look change like lightning into a dancing devil of joy as he turned like a tiger to fight for his life—to grapple with her ghost—the ghost of the great chieftain—who had sprung at him through the open door; to stamp through the fire till it speckled the floor, and drive at the dresser till it lurched and fell; to wrestle and strain and stumble and sway without a word or a cry from either till old Betty screeched in terror; and then they were both down upon the floor, breathing like bellows and growling like wild beasts, and one had his knee on the other's chest and was searching his pockets and pulling out papers like mad . . . and shouts were coming down the hill, and the hollows shouting back. . . . All this Betty O'Neill saw and heard, or thought or dreamt she saw and heard, before the black night and its ghosts came pouring through door and window, and she ran out to watch for her son.

And now you mustn't ask me too many questions, for down where the Shannon widens out to the sea there are respectable

people still living who would be vexed if they heard I was gabbing.

After all, sure the girl was young and the temptation great ; for, by all accounts, that self-same English officer was such a fine, gallant fellow that even the great ladies at the Big House where he was visiting would have been only too glad to have run away with him if they had had the chance.

But he was what they call a younger son, which means that he was as poor as a church mouse, and there was just nothing that he wouldn't promise the pretty—and petted—sister of a certain Young Ireland leader for papers and plans about the Movement that would have brought office and honours to him and the cells or the gallows to many a fine young fellow.

Tell God's truth, though, he must have been a real good sort at heart. For as he lay on the broad of his back on the cabin floor, stunned and bleeding from the fight and the fall, and the full of the house of men pointing pistols at his head—men who would shoot him at one wink from their chief—the girl's own brother with whom he had fought, he just yawned and said—and he said it in a slow, plain, sort of way that every one there should hear :—

" You can do with me what you jolly well like : I have had a good run, and a good fight, and I am beaten. But, if you are men, you will look after the young girl who has saved all your lives. I don't know who she is ; but she must have galloped like the wind to have headed me off and warned you all like that."

Ah ! the poor fellow ! He was killed afterwards in the Russian War—nearly cut to pieces, God bless us !, after storming some place or other and doing something great. But it wasn't of the glory of war he was talking when he was dying. Sergeant Hynes, of Bawnclew, was one of the storming party and helped to carry him back, and many's the time I have heard him say that you could have knocked him down with a feather when he heard that proud young officer counting all the old women who were coming out of the clouds to say the Rosary for him.

No ; Betty O'Neill's son never came up the road with the night. Poor old woman, she didn't live long after. But there now ! Don't cry like that, mavourneen. Sure, stories that are true never end happily in Ireland ; and, after all, what does it matter. They only come all the braver through the mists of the long ago to trim the wick of the Faith.

T. MCLOGHLEN.

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM

### I

#### ITS FAILURE IN THE PAST

WHETHER Spiritualism as a form of religion, or at any rate as a substitute for dogmatic Christianity, is gaining ground, is a matter about which some difference of opinion might be entertained. Unquestionably it is more talked about in this country, and there is a greater disposition—in the opinion of the present writer, a saner and wiser disposition—to treat the phenomena seriously and to refrain from pooh-poohing the evidence of these marvels. But a good deal of curiosity may exist about such matters without its leading to any conviction that the movement is really a source of supernatural guidance. Even if we grant for argument's sake that the tide in England at the present moment is steadily rising higher, I am not much alarmed about the ultimate issue. It is in fashion at present and it will have its day, but like "diavolo" and cross-word puzzles and many other crazes, it will hold only a small proportion of its votaries. People will tire of it, and some perhaps will grow a little scared when they find out more exactly whither it is leading them.

What, it seems to me, is too often forgotten, both by the advocates of Spiritualism and by its assailants, is the fact that more than half a century ago in America the movement revolved through a full circle and ended in ignominious collapse. When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle grows enthusiastic regarding the life-giving force of his "New Revelation," he is only echoing the very words which were repeatedly used in the early days of the Rochester rappings. Wonderful were the promises which the spirit communicators then made to Judge Edmonds, to Prof. Hare and to all the pioneers who championed the cause. Leah, the eldest of the Fox sisters, has left it on record that the very first message of guidance which they received in 1848 was to the following effect.

Dear friends, you must proclaim these truths to the world. This is the dawning of a new era; and you must not try to conceal it any longer. When you do your duty,

God will protect you and good spirits will watch over you.<sup>1</sup>

Maggie and Katie Fox certainly did not fail in their mission of publicity. But the promise of special protection, like many other promises emanating from the same source, seems to have proved quite illusory. It is beyond dispute that on October 21, 1888, Margaret (then Mrs. Fox Kane) in the name of herself and her sister Katie (Mrs. Fox Jencken) who was also present, read out a statement before a large public meeting in New York, in which she declared: "I am here to-night as one of the founders of Spiritualism to denounce it as an absolute falsehood . . . the most wicked blasphemy known to the world."<sup>2</sup> Both of them, it is true, afterwards retracted this pretended confession. I do not doubt that they had been virtually bribed to make it, and further that they were animated by vindictive motives. Unfortunately they were already far gone in habits of intemperance and in less than five years both of them died miserably from the effects of prolonged alcoholic excess. My only point here is that in spite of the promises made, the "good spirits" of the new revelation were apparently powerless to protect these their chosen instruments from rushing headlong to destruction.

It would occupy much space to give any adequate idea of the insistence of the early spirit messages in urging their votaries to encourage communications and in foretelling the marvellous results which would follow upon such intercourse. As Mr. Horace Greeley, the sympathetic editor of *The New York Tribune*, reported in his journal as early as 1850, "the ladies (*i.e.*, the Fox sisters) say that they are informed that this is but the beginning of a new era, or economy, in which spirits clothed in the flesh are to be more closely and palpably connected with those which have put on immortality; that the manifestations . . . are destined to be diffused and rendered clearer, until all who will may communicate freely with their friends who have shuffled off this mortal coil."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leah Underhill (*née* Fox), "The Missing Link" (New York, 1885), pp. 48-49.

<sup>2</sup> Full details are given in the *New York Herald* and other contemporary newspapers. See *THE MONTH*, Feb. 1920. Sir A. C. Doyle writing in "Psychic Science," Vol. I., pp. 212-237, does not attempt to dispute the facts.

<sup>3</sup> The whole article is reprinted by E. W. Capron, "Modern Spiritualism" (Boston, 1855), p. 181.

Just as we have been told in "Raymond" that the partition wall between this world and the next is nearly broken through, that "*in five years* [this was in 1916] there would be a great change" and that Sir Oliver Lodge was to do it all;<sup>1</sup> just as Pheneas with wearisome reiteration proclaims that there is a force now operating which will "transform the earth," that "soon, very soon," there will be an astounding crisis which will "stagger humanity," that it will sweep away all the Churches, and that Sir A. C. Doyle himself is "carrying the banner—Christ's banner";<sup>2</sup> just as Mr. H. Dennis Bradley was assured by the marvellous control, "Dr. Barnett," on February 9, 1924, that "*within the next year or two*" spirit communication will sweep like a great wave all over the world, and that the publication of "Towards the Stars" will make the author's name "famous throughout the earth plane";<sup>3</sup> so three-quarters of a century ago the messages from the other side painted alluring pictures of the marvellous transformation which was to follow almost at once in the wake of the new-born Spiritualism. It certainly has not followed, as all the world can see, but the credulous recipients of these assurances steadfastly believed it would. Prof. Robert Hare, the distinguished chemist of the University of Pennsylvania, was honoured by a long communication accredited, as he imagined, by the signatures of George Washington, J. Q. Adams and other eminent Americans deceased. A few sentences will suffice to illustrate its general purport.

Could you see the great glory which is to be the issue of your labours in the new unfoldings of spiritual science, you would not despair of your mission, nor weary in your devotion to it. . . . Go on in your searchings, our good friend, the end is not yet with you. Brilliant minds with brilliant thoughts are burning to give utterance to earth through you. You are a selected instrument of our own choosing and we are watching and guiding in the path and to the goal you seek. You may not only "speak trumpet-tongued to the scientific world," but in *thunder tones* to those savants who think they are the masters of the keys of knowledge.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Raymond" (Ed. 1916), pp. 100, 102, 134, 153, 176, 234, 235, etc.

<sup>2</sup> "Pheneas Speaks," pp. 20, 67, 73, 76, 78, 79, 104, 126, 132, 162, 183, 186, 198, 212, etc. Most of these prophecies are already three years old.

<sup>3</sup> H. D. Bradley, "Towards the Stars," p. 176.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Hare, "Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations" (New York, 5th Ed., 1858), p. 12.

As Hare was over 70 when he was thus apostrophized, he was unable to look forward to any prolonged spell of usefulness. But the same tone was taken with many others—with Judge Edmonds, for example, and with Dr. Dexter. Indeed there seems to have been hardly one of the early converts who was not assured that his co-operation was indispensable and that all his efforts in the cause would be blessed from on high. The first serious dissertation upon the character and aims of the new movement was that of the Rev. Adin Ballou, a Universalist minister, whose book was printed in 1852.<sup>1</sup> Ballou just before this had lost his only son, Augustus. On February 25, 1852, the spirit of Augustus announced through automatic writing: "I have heard and *know* that there is reason to expect great and astounding manifestations from us within two or three years." A week or two later he encouraged glowing anticipations of the "progress of this new light," of "a great day of Jubilee," when the earth should be "changed into the Eden that once was," when "all darkness shall be turned to light," and so on. "Among all the blessings of that brighter day not the least shall be communion with the spirits of the pure and good. Some of you will see that day. . . . Father, be patient, watch and wait. Another century cannot commence before this great change will be wrought."<sup>2</sup>

To the believers of those early years such prophecies, we do not doubt, seemed in a fair way of being realized. Judge Edmonds, a man of unquestioned integrity, who travelled about the country advocating the cause of Spiritualism, claimed that as early as 1854 there were 3,000,000 adherents in the United States, that is to say one-ninth of the total population. No one who studies the works of E. W. Capron, Emma Hardinge, Henry Spicer and others, can doubt that the new craze swept over the land like a forest fire. Spicer, in 1853, declared that "there are at the present moment not less than thirty thousand recognized media practising in various parts of the United States, and he adds that "a friend under date of July 17 [1852?] assures me that in the city of Philadelphia alone may be found no fewer than three hundred 'magnetic circles,' holding regular meetings

<sup>1</sup> "An Exposition of Views respecting . . . Spirit Manifestations," by Adin Ballou (Boston, 1852). One English Edition was published in London, 1852, and another in Liverpool, 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Ballou, "Spirit Manifestations" (Boston edition, 1852), pp. 228, 230, 236, 237.

and receiving communications."<sup>1</sup> An article printed during June, 1852, in a Catholic newspaper, *The Boston Pilot*,<sup>2</sup> fully bears this out.

Our readers [the Editor wrote], at least most of them, will hardly believe that this delusion has so spread over New England and towns in other States of New England origin, that scarcely a village can be found which is not infected by it. In most small towns several families are possessed, the medium between the erratic ghosts and the crazy fools being, in some cases, a weak and half-witted woman, but in most instances a little girl, whom her parents and friends have prostituted to this wicked trade. . . . The country swarms with mediums. There are so many of them that the trade has become common, and therefore less lucrative.

The writer judiciously infers that there is a great deal of fraud in the business, often trickery of a most ignoble and mercenary kind, but at the same time he concludes that "the affair is not pure, undiluted imposture." He has satisfied himself that "amidst the mass of trash, certain traces of an Intelligence that is not human, are tolerably clear." The testimony of Orestes A. Brownson's book, "The Spirit Rapper," published at Boston in 1854, is equally decisive as to the prevalence of the new cult, and evidence of this sort might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

It is plain, then, that Spiritualism in America had a good send off. The "brilliant minds" in the Great Beyond which "were burning to give utterance to their brilliant thoughts" had every opportunity of imparting their message. There were thousands and thousands who were willing, and only too anxious, to listen to them. Perhaps the most insidious plea which such modern propagandists as Sir A. C. Doyle and Mr. Dennis Bradley put forward in their appeals is the picture which they draw of the cruel disappointment of the spirits who have passed over when, on their seeking to communicate with earth, their dear ones will give them no admittance. Let us remember, then, that when for nearly a score of years, throughout the length and breadth of New England, enthusiasts in every village were trying to develop as mediums, the

<sup>1</sup> Spicer, "Sights and Sounds" (London, 1853), p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> A great part of this article is reproduced in Ballou's book (pp. 149-153) from which I copy it.

spirits had nothing to say, at any rate nothing to say that was worth the hearing. I have examined scores of volumes containing the communications taken down at this period, and whether one is dealing with trance utterances, or automatic script, or answers obtained by rappings, the dreariness, the vagueness, the triviality, and the unconvincingness of these messages are alike appalling. The extraordinary thing is that the more honest adherents of the cult themselves admit it. To take but one of a dozen examples I could quote, I may appeal to a very prominent English Spiritualist who in 1853 had contributed a long preface to the Liverpool edition of Ballou's "Spirit Manifestations." Fourteen years later he addressed a letter to the *Spiritual Magazine*, a leading organ of the cult, in which he says:

When one surveys the immense quantity of trash which is published as veritable communications from the spiritual and celestial spheres, the ignorance, incompetence and inflation of so many of its professors, and the preposterous pretensions which are promulgated in its name, one cannot but acknowledge that Spiritualism must indeed rest upon a wide foundation of indubitable and adamantine facts to sustain so great a load of garbage and not sink into oblivion, overwhelmed by derision and contempt.<sup>1</sup>

The "foundation of adamantine facts" amounts, I think, to no more than this, that there are phenomena and evidences of the action of an outside intelligence which cannot be explained by natural causes. But however much this may trouble the materialist, it presents no difficulty to the Christian believer. In so far as we hold that the soul survives after death and that it is possible under certain conditions for heavenly, or even malign, intelligences to communicate with mankind, every Catholic is in this sense a Spiritualist.

But to return to the matter under discussion, in spite of the enthusiasm with which Spiritualism had been taken up all over the United States in the early fifties, in spite of the assurances received from beyond the veil of the marvellous transformation which was to be wrought, in spite of the stimulus of the American civil war, when mothers and sweethearts were longing to get into touch with those whose passing over in the flower of their age had rendered so many

<sup>1</sup> *The Spiritual Magazine*, 1867, p. 92. The writer was Mr. Andrew Leighton.

homesteads desolate, the movement, so far from progressing, steadily lost ground and by the close of the year 1875 was permanently discredited. Concerning the fact of this set back, no doubt is possible. Naturally enough the Spiritualistic journals were not eager to advertise the reverses sustained. They always tried to speak hopefully, but no one can study their contents at this period without perceiving how great was the general depression. The only difficulty in a short article like the present is to convey an adequate idea of the strength of the evidence. An extract or two must suffice. In the first leading article of *The Spiritualist* newspaper for February 12, 1875, we read:

In America the Spiritual movement is at the present time in a disturbed, unhappy state, partly in consequence of two notorious mediums, who were condemned as unreliable in England, having successfully imposed upon some honourable people, and partly in consequence of some attacks made upon Spiritualism by a Dr. Beard of New York, to whose utterances the daily papers there have given wide publicity. . . . Spiritualism in America is at present a rope of sand, so far as united action and power to resist attacks from outside are concerned. The championship of the interests of the cause has thus fallen upon two or three heroic individuals, and a lady has been obliged single-handed to do work which it was the duty of the whole movement to undertake.

The lady in question was no other than Madame Blavatsky, the foundress of Theosophy, who with even more than her usual effrontery wrote some ten years later to *Light*, stating: "I never was a Spiritualist."<sup>1</sup> No doubt she did not then suspect that her private correspondence with Aksakov would ever be printed, but in one of her letters to him dated May 24, 1875, she declared that "a shock of earthquake is essential in order to rouse the American public from their apathy."

<sup>1</sup> See *Light*, Oct. 11, 1884, p. 418. On Oct. 27, 1874, Mme. Blavatsky had addressed a letter to the *New York Graphic* in reply to Dr. Beard, commenting upon the Eddy manifestations at Chittenden. In this she says: "Though a Spiritualist of many years standing, I am more sceptical in receiving evidence from paid mediums than many unbelievers. But when I receive such evidence as I received at the Eddys, I feel myself bound on my honour and under penalty of confessing myself a moral coward to defend the mediums as well as the thousands of my brother and sister Spiritualists, against the conceit and slander of one man, who has nothing and no one to back him in his assertions."—Printed in *The Spiritualist* for Dec. 25, 1874, p. 306.

—the context makes it plain that she is speaking of Spiritualism—"and the financial position here has fallen frightfully low into the bargain."<sup>1</sup> Writing from Boston later in the same year, Mr. Epes Sargent, the author of "Planchette" and other widely-read works, reports, "Things have been in a very unpromising state here. The insanity of Mr. Owen has brought Spiritualism into still worse repute among the uninformed . . . Spiritualism is under a cloud at this moment, but I think it must soon emerge from it brighter than ever."<sup>2</sup> But there was never any sort of revival of the enthusiasm which marked the beginnings of the movement. "The outlook is not very cheering," writes an English visitor in Chicago (Sept. 1, 1875), "but we Spiritualists are determined to hold steadily on our way."<sup>3</sup> An illustrated journal devoted to the cause was projected about this time, but it was turned down because "there is so much discouragement caused by the recent doings in Philadelphia, that the American spiritual public are not well prepared to take up anything new, whatever its merits."<sup>4</sup> Mr. Morse, the English trance speaker, returning from the United States, expresses a hope that Spiritualism there "will recover from its present torpor."<sup>5</sup> Mr. G. R. Hinde, another English propagandist of the cause, went in October, 1875, to California. Writing from thence he reports that "Spiritualism, so prevalent everywhere in this country, does not deliver its advocates from the power of the golden calf"; also that in San Francisco the Spiritualists are "outwardly in a state of disorganisation. . . . Dissension has crept in among them and broken up such society or societies as existed."<sup>6</sup> What is even more material, a careful scrutiny showed that the claims once made regarding their numerical strength were now at any rate quite illusory. *The Spiritualist* newspaper, which under the editorship of Mr. W. H. Harrison was much more outspoken than its competitors, published a leading article on this question. Judge Edmonds, in 1867, went so far as to claim ten or eleven million adherents for the cause in the United States, following, as he said, the estimate of the Catholic bishops

<sup>1</sup> The series of letters, translated in Solovyov's "A Modern Priestess of Isis" (London, 1895), throws much light upon the collapse which led Mme Blavatsky to give up Spiritualism as a lost cause and invent Theosophy.

<sup>2</sup> *The Spiritualist*, Aug. 6, 1875, p. 72.

<sup>3</sup> *The Medium and Daybreak*, Oct. 1, 1875, p. 631.

<sup>4</sup> *The Spiritualist*, Feb. 5, 1875, p. 71.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, Dec. 3, 1875, p. 272.

<sup>6</sup> *The Medium and Daybreak*, Dec. 3, 1875, p. 773.

assembled at Baltimore.<sup>1</sup> But the editorial in *The Spiritualist* on January 15, 1875, speaks as follows.

The alleged eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States have been shorn of their gigantic proportions by Mr. William Tebb who travelled the States, and instead of finding one person out of every three of all ages to be a Spiritualist, he tried in town after town, to ascertain the name and address of any local Spiritualist, or the local place of meeting of Spiritualists, but found in many places that the general public could not give him any information on these points, and in places containing thousands of inhabitants the opinion was sometimes expressed that there were no Spiritualists within its boundaries. He found the movement not to have that influence in the United States which people in England generally suppose it to possess . . . Mr. Tebb estimates the number of Spiritualists in the States to be much under a million, allowing an enormously large margin to include the Nicodemuses. He is probably not far from right.<sup>2</sup>

The obvious inference is that between the dates 1867 when Judge Edmonds expressed himself so confidently and 1874 when Mr. Tebb undertook his researches, there had been a considerable shrinkage. Many of the former believers had fallen away; in other words, by the end of 1875, the hopes and enthusiasms of the early days had died down and the force of the movement was spent. But any consideration of the causes which had brought about this state of things had best be deferred for another article.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> See Judge Edmonds' letter in *The Spiritual Magazine*, July, 1867, pp. 327—333, and contrast the terms of that letter with the language of Mr. Robert Cooper, an ardent English Spiritualist, who was visiting Boston in January, 1875. "Boston, the headquarters of Spiritualism in this country, has not escaped the disorganising influence that everywhere prevails. . . The Sunday lectures until recently were held in the Music Hall, a hall of very similar character to the St. James' Hall in London, but somewhat larger. This hall used to be well filled. . . But all this is a thing of the past. Beethoven Hall is now used—a much smaller place than the Music Hall—but this is not half filled. So it is evident, from some cause, there is a great falling off. . . Then again the more respectable and well-to-do Spiritualists hold aloof altogether, preferring not to identify themselves with the movement in its present transition state."—*The Medium and Daybreak*, Feb. 5, 1875, p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> *The Spiritualist*, Jan. 15, 1875, p. 26.

## TOLEDO

**T**HERE are among the ancient cities of Europe, apart from its Capitals, certain which one may fairly distinguish by the title *Weltstadt*: cities, that is to say, which by reason of their historic interest, their scenic charm or artistic character—and especially by a happy union of such qualities—irresistibly appeal to the universal imagination and enjoy world-wide fame. Studded over the continent, they are found most plentifully no doubt in Italy; but there are those in nearer lands which assuredly deserve the name—Bruges, Nuremberg, and Cologne for example, and to reckon none of a somewhat lower grade. Of these last, many exist in France, still unrivalled in its architecture, but whose cities have been impoverished, whose churches denuded, as in no other land, perhaps, by revolution and modernization, or which come short in some respect of the ideal blend. But in less troubled Spain there stands one city, at all events, of the foremost rank, and that the least known of its order—Toledo. The antiquity and events of its story, the rugged grandeur of its site—somewhat akin to our own river-bound Durham—the quantity of its sacred buildings, the wonder of the Cathedral and its varied treasures, the possession among its artists of a noted master and his works—these combine to lend the city a more than ordinary distinction. Add to this that it is the age-long Primatial See of Spain, and a one-time Metropolis. Decay has shorn it indeed of its full splendours and dimmed the remainder, but, on the other hand, has doubtless preserved, even in neglect, features that would else have vanished.

Toledo bears its history on its face, and especially the peculiar Spanish feature of the Moorish interregnum, although this in less degree than the Andalusian cities. It cannot indeed rival the Cathedral-Mosque of Córdoba, the Giralda tower or Alcázar-palace of Seville, still less the Alhambra of Granada; but the exotic stamp is upon many of its buildings, and notably its churches—particularly in the semi-Moorish, mediæval phase of it known as the mudéjar style, in which the pointed horseshoe arch is prominent. Here this style neighbours the Gothic of the North and Renaissance of the South; while beyond it in point of time, lie the relics of a

flourishing Visigothic Christianity, and of the remoter Roman culture.

The history thus indicated is long and varied—almost as intricate as is the topography of the city itself. For the highways (there is truth but one) and the byeways form a really bewildering maze; a network of narrow, twisting, climbing and falling thoroughfares, of which one can mostly grasp but a short section at a time. They are flanked by severe and lofty buildings, oftentimes a piled-up church or monastery, or a private mansion with enclosed courtyard and forbidding window-grilles; here you mark a Mauresque frieze or doorway, and everywhere note the formidable doors studded with iron bosses, and fitted with great knockers hung so high as to cause wonder how they were meant to be reached—until you guess that it must have been from horseback, or more likely, muleback. And assuredly you will soon meet with such mules, and still oftener donkeys, singly with their saddlebags, or in a tinkling string and gaily harnessed dragging primitive carts over the cobbles, when you may well be thankful for the refuge of the aforesaid portals. Ah, those homely, jog-trot steeds and beasts of burden!—how typical of the country, how suited to the need and to the soil. And do they not in some degree explain as well as illustrate the native habit—simple, leisurely, sure-footed? Who at all events could wish, in such a country-side for a better carrier for person or property than a mule? Anon opens out a small square, with a massive church, or a more modest convent with perchance a mudéjar tower, and a water-fount where the womenfolk fill their great shapely stoneware jars, and, embracing them round the neck, bear them off propped in such fashion as demonstrates beyond question the true use and purpose of the human hip!

But the open spaces are comparatively few. The chief of them, the market place or *Zocodover*, (an Arabic term) is nowadays but commonplace in aspect, although conveniently colonnaded on two of its three sides, while the Town-hall, modestly picturesque, stands elsewhere. But descend thence the broad flight of steps reached from the Archway known as the *Arco de la Sauge*, and you gain at once a characteristic impression. For at its foot faces you the primitive *Posada* of the same title, perpetuated by the pen of Cervantes—a posada still, but stabling now the motor as well as the mule. Immediately below on the left runs the rich façade of the great Hospital de la Cruz, which again overlooks the pictorial group

of the Conception Convent—of both of which, more anon. Below them, the rough road descends swiftly to the turbid and rock-pent Tajo, with its narrow fortified Alcántara Bridge, which in turn leads to the height beyond, crowned by the ruinous Castle of San Servando, once Templar—a picture at every point; while glimpsed beyond, the open, river-threaded plain spreads widely to the blue hills. The austerity of the immediate setting needs, you feel, the warmth and cheer of Spanish sunshine, uncertain however in the winter season, at times severe. There is a roughness indeed about the whole self-centred hill city, a certain primitiveness which amounts to a characteristic, and even affects its manners—in its palmy days perhaps more courtly. Not here indeed will you find the usual luxuries or amenities of the modern tourist centre, nor wholly regret them. And yet Toledo is a town of high prices as well as of high situation—explained, or excused, by its distance from the beaten track of travel.

I have not yet touched on the greater buildings of the city, sacred or secular, the famed Cathedral or the monumental Alcázar, because the confined and irregular planning prevents them from being readily seen; a very common case indeed locally, and one which partly accounts for the importunity of the urchins offering to guide your bewildered steps—more particularly to the *Casa del Greco*, to-day a personal museum devoted to the Greek painter. Indeed one comes to think that “El Greco” must be among the first words uttered by the native infant—a kind of birthright. The geographical place of honour is occupied by the Alcázar, standing four-square and four-towered to dominate the scene—a severely grandiose object in a distant view of the city, and conversely, commanding itself a striking prospect. Like the Belfry of Bruges, “thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o’er the town”—a finely-fronted pile of the Renaissance, but representing the mediæval castle-palace and, more remotely, Arab and Roman strongholds. It still keeps something of traditional use by housing the military cadets of to-day. The interior, however, with its striking features, does not seem to be reckoned among public show-places. The Cathedral, on the other hand, lies low, or, with its stately tower, what a crown it would form for the city! But follow the narrow main street downward from the Zocodover — ever a busy thoroughfare, and at evening time a crowded promenade in which the above-mentioned cadets in uniform are conspicuous; —by day you are more likely to fall in with a file of cassocked

and scarlet-sashed seminarists. This will lead you somewhat deviously, to the beautiful portal (that is known as the *Puerta de la Feria*) of a vast pile which, happily for picturesqueness, cannot be outwardly focussed as a detached whole.

'Tis a world in itself, this primatial Church—a world of art and architecture, of history and religion. Actually a mediæval structure of French inspiration—this portal is quite French—coloured by Spanish feeling and Spanish feature, its origin lies in the Visigothic Church of St. Mary Major, succeeded by an Arab Mosque, in its turn displaced after the "Reconquista," an event contemporary with our own Norman Conquest. The existing church owes its foundation in part to the sainted King Ferdinand. Beautiful at all times, it is perhaps never more so than when entered towards sunset, when its broad avenues and lessening arcades bathe in the heightened glow of its sumptuous windows. But I would rather choose, for a completer impression, the early hour of the Chapter Mass, and preferably on a Sunday or a Festival. The prime impression, however, is not then of architecture and effect, arresting as these are, but of moral atmosphere; the atmosphere of ages—ages, notably, of Faith and ages of Art; the sense of life, too, of organized and traditional life, and this not at the centre alone, but at many points.

If you should enter through the Cloister doorway you will presently find yourself before the Choir-screen; for the enclosed *Coro* here, as in Spanish Churches generally, is planned in the nave. Flanking its entrance, the antique grilles are now withdrawn before the side altars and their ancient sculptures, and the tapers are lit. The rumour of the Office sounds from within. But from another point, invisible but not far away, come the muffled tones of chanting. This, did you but know it, is the strain of the Mozarabic Mass, proceeding from the secluded Chapel of that Rite.<sup>1</sup> Your immediate objective, however, is the Capitular High Mass at the *Altar Mayor*—a marvel of which, passing by the *Coro* into the open Transept, you presently catch sight. A superb Reredos, sculptured and gilded, towering vault-high and spanning the east end ennobles it. This indeed is one of the finest works of the kind in Spain—famous for her altar pieces; a work worthy of a closer study than the occasion allows, an epic of

<sup>1</sup> The faithful are admitted, but not really accommodated in this richly adorned enclosure, where Mass is daily said or sung, and which has its own screened-off clergy-stalls. The ritual variations from the ordinary usage are apparent if not important. It is noteworthy that certain city parishes kept up this rite until recent times.

the New Testament product of successive masters of the 15th Century, and an offering worthy of the donor, Cardinal Ximenes. The remainder of the Chancel with its equipment of traceried niches, statuary and historic sepulchres is in due keeping; and the whole is enshrined by a lovely screenwork of storied and tinted alabaster, at whose ends, right and left, the gracious figures of Angel and of Virgin perpetuate the Salutation with changeless mediæval charm. The great Chancel-archway between them is closed by a splendid grille of the Renaissance period, crested by a Rood, but now with gates flung wide; while on either hand is set a small but beautiful pulpit of gilt metal-work, serving, in Spanish fashion, for Epistoler and Gospeller respectively. In other cases the transept breadth between the Choir and the Chancel is crossed by a railed-in passage-way from one to the other. Here this does not now exist; but the unseen boundary is there, as you will be promptly warned by an official in wig and gown, should you try, at such an hour, to pass.

For now the Canons are flitting singly to their stalls—rich and ancient and historic stalls—in readiness for High Mass. Note how each one on entering genuflects or pauses before the Choir-altar or *Altar de Prima* where stands conspicuous, as it has doubtless stood for centuries, the suave image of *Santa Maria la Blanca*—a French work of the 14th century. The *Coro*, though small, is in fact a very storehouse of beautiful furniture, in the midst of which the chief lectern displays its great antique and ornate choir-books, while the organs are reared on either hand. Your eye may be drawn perhaps to a characteristic feature—the twin wheels of small bells fixed aloft in their Gothic frames, one upon each side, Noting perhaps as you move away, the colossal fresco of St. Christopher on a neighbouring wall, you take your place in the few benches in the midst of the church—one of an informal congregation, in which the women wear light and becoming head-veils, and casual children come and go. The progress of the Mass is marked by ceremonial journeyings between *Coro* and Chancel, by the chanting of Epistle and Gospel from their proper pulpits or ambos—a dignified rite, when Cross-bearer, and thurifer and acolytes mount with the deacon into the same; while at the Elevation the bell-wheels shed down an unlooked for shower of music, somehow suggestive of a hundred melodious angelets chorussing in unison. It brings to mind, by contrast, the loud-clanging tocsin of the ordinary Continental church, and the lugubrious gong or the sentimental harmoni-

con that sometimes do duty in our own. In the realm of æsthetic fitness, especially ecclesiastical, the modern sense is as hopelessly astray as the mediæval was sure. As to liturgical music, there is both plain-song and polyphony, the latter, strangely enough, accompanied.

The function over, the Officiants proceed to the Great Sacristies—stored with all kinds of precious objects; the altar-boys and choristers to their quarters, pausing to kneel together (and haply to squabble) before the Lady-Chapel of the venerated *Virgen del Sagrario*—at a spot where the arresting words, "Pulvis, Cinis, Nihil," echo, for sole epitaph, from a Cardinalatial tomb-slab at their feet. But the Spanish "server," alas, is incurably casual. Others of them pass on to join in a vocal prayer as they cross behind the High Altar, before clambering to a picturesque upper vestry above the ambulatory. And at this point a terrible piece of theatrical rococo-work, known as the "transparente," breaks the pure lines of the mediæval enclosure, mutilated for the purpose. It has been aptly termed "a fricassee of marbles." The resumed office follows in the choir, with low Masses elsewhere; but presently you will be free (with the needful permit) to explore the precincts: the Vestries and Sacristies with their contents, the neighbouring Relic-chamber, the richly furnished Chapter-house, with walls depicting the long line of puissant prelates; no less than the girdle of fair Chapels, screened by tall grilles of beautiful workmanship; in particular those of the Kings—the new line and the old,—of the Constalle de Luna, of St. Ildefonso, the early bishop, with their historic tombs. Remote from the last-named, however, is that which commemorates the visitation of Our Lady to that native theologian—a fine piece of aspiring tabernacle-work, reared against a pillar and guarded by a grille. It is known as the Chapel of the "Descension" and embodies a portion of the stone whereon her foot is said to have rested—still accessible to the devout touch. The Lady-Chapel itself was unfortunately rebuilt in heavy classical style, but the image is very venerable and dowered with a splendid wardrobe. Nigh to this other is the Treasury; but only during a fixed half-hour before Vespers will you be suffered to inspect its riches, and under the justly jealous eye of clergy and officials. The chief object here is the great "Custodia" or Monstrance, a sumptuous silver-gilt Gothic shrine, of a man's height or so, which is wont to be borne through the streets on the feast of Corpus Christi. It is said, as is said of certain works elsewhere, that the gold

used was brought by Columbus from America. Elsewhere may be seen the Archiepiscopal Cross actually planted on the conquered ramparts of Granáda.

But the Sacristies themselves form a true treasure-house—a veritable museum indeed, yet a living adjunct to the fabric. Amid the array of sacred vestments and volumes, of pictures, images, carvings and the like, it is only possible to dwell on one or two of outstanding interest. Here, for instance, hangs the grand “Espolio” of El Greco—Christ about to be stripped of His garments. It strikes one, too, by its unlikeness to the usual type of that Master’s handiwork, in which one expects to find a certain weird and dramatic singularity, with elongated and emaciated forms and ashen hues—however soft at times these last. But here is a robust and solemn composition, finely grouped and drawn, and in which the crimson robe of the central figure strikes a rich and powerful colour-note; an affecting *ensemble*. Here, too, rests, rather than hangs, fold upon fold, in a glass case, the great Banner or Standard of Lepanto—a vast drapery with a field of light azure, upon which are, not embroidered, but painted, a central Crucifix and various decorations. It must indeed form a striking object when suspended, in its full length of may-be thirty feet, within the Cathedral on the anniversary of the momentous sea-fight. Another memorial of that event, one recalls, is to be seen in Barcelona, the Crucifix known as the “Christo de Lepanto,” venerated in the eastern chapel of the Cathedral. And one recalls, too, sorely, the lost treasures and trophies of the kind that once enriched our English minsters. Indeed one cannot but think, when exploring those of the Peninsular, upon that ancient record, “The Rites of Durham,” and its moving chronicle.

Should you not yet be sated with the opulence of sacred art, you may, on leaving the Cathedral, pass through the cloister and cross the road to the Archbishop’s Palace, to visit here the collection formed for the National Eucharistic Congress of 1926, and destined, it seems, to be embodied there in a permanent diocesan museum. It is a goodly display, consisting chiefly of altar vessels, monstrances and vestments of various dates and styles. The said cloister forms a fine but apparently little-used quadrangle, only in late times bared of the ancient fittings usually found in Spanish cloisters, where you may, however, notice a cloaked cleric smoking a cigar as he paces the walks—preferable indeed for the purpose to an ante-chamber of the vestries,—or an ambulant

beggar, still more voluminously wrapped in rags, who uses these alleys as an alternative to the market-place arcades.

The Mother-Church has gathered about her, they say, some half-hundred parochial and conventual places of worship—many of these last open to the faithful. The most noted temple, however, is nowadays but a "monument"—to wit, *San Juan de los Reyes*,—founded to commemorate an early victory over the Moors, and to serve, it is said, as a royal mausoleum, by that munificent and ubiquitous pair, Ferdinand and Isabella, "the Catholic Sovereigns." Being of that age and origin, it is naturally an example of Spanish Gothic in its most ornate phase, although of secondary size. Of interesting design,<sup>1</sup> with the central octagon of Peninsular tradition and an internal wealth of sumptuous heraldry, the fabric nevertheless has a chilling air; for it is not only unchurched and empty and in course of repair—this last a process of decades—but it is even a Sepulchre only in purpose. Ere that purpose was fulfilled, the conquest of Granáda, the last of Moorish strongholds, led to its supplanting by a royal chapel reared under the more genial southern skies—that which actually enshrines the royal remains. This one stands, finely enough, on a bleak plateau overlooking the river and the second of Toledo's two ancient and embattled bridges. The outer walls of the church are curiously festooned with great chains, arranged in decorative fashion, and symbolizing apparently the deliverance effected by the early feat of arms aforesaid, or as otherwise stated, actual thank-offerings from those freed by the Conquest of Granáda itself. Founded as a conventual or collegiate institution, the building comprises a richly designed, but over-restored cloister, which had been badly mauled by Napoleon's soldiery—for even Spain has suffered heavily from iconoclasm.

One may not enlarge upon the parochial and conventual units on the city's roll, yet their interest forbids that they should be wholly ignored. One may instance *Santiago del Arrabal*, (St. James Without the Walls) with characteristic *mudéjar* brick-work wedding a more orthodox Gothic earlier than the Cathedral, its interior air of almost undisturbed antiquity—period succeeding period,—the traceried pulpit from which St. Vincent Ferrer preached, the altars (some sixteen in all) in their Renaissance richness or redundancy. And *Santo Tomé*, with a mauresque tower likewise, and famed for

<sup>1</sup> A rarity in the shape of the original perspective design is preserved in the museum.

the great El Greco canvas, "The Burial of Count Orgaz," profoundly impressive in composition and in tonality. Few churches or chapels in the town indeed but seem to have one or more works of this prolific but unequalled master. The church of Santo Tomé, having been closed for repair, was re-opened not long since, when, one afternoon, an interesting and intimate scene might be witnessed—namely, the processional home-coming of the Blessed Sacrament after temporary sojourn in the neighbouring church of San Salvador—one also worthy of note. Through a street all beflagged and amid the clanging of bells, a large escort, with tapers alight, welcomed the return of the *Santissimo* to their midst. There is, too, a whole group of churches of the Renaissance centuries, some of them highly imposing in their scale. Certain of these, having originally belonged to religious communities, are apparently not fully peopled under present conditions. But many still are the inhabited convents of both sexes, some of them with most interesting chapels, wherein the Hours resound regularly from within the choir—often raised over the West end. One of the most attractive of these establishments is that of the "Conception" previously mentioned—a picturesque medley of ancient structures that artists love to paint, characteristically roofed with pantiles in delicate tones, and crowned by a *mudéjar* tower. A spacious church with noteworthy fittings and memorials, is adjoined by outlying chapels, two of which are precious for their decoration and early frescoes. Another, attached, displays one of those typical Spanish crucifixes garnished with natural hair, its darkness increasing the effect of pallor in the figure. The sacred art of the country, one cannot but mark, seems to excel in depicting the solemn and the pathetic. This convent was refounded in the great era by a lady of the Elizabethan Court. In a small class apart stand the oldest religious buildings of all—genuinely Moorish in style or origin, mosque or synagogue, once converted to Christian worship, but now disused. Such are the small, poetically named *Christo de la Luz*, near a thousand years old, and the later, larger, five-aisled *Santa Maria la Blanca*, the last in particular a charming example of Arabesque structure and ornament. Edifices of this order are brick built, with delicate decorative work in stucco—a treatment shared by secular buildings, and later on at times curiously translated into Gothic terms. The Jews, it must be remembered, were even in the Middle Ages a powerful body in Spain.

But if past ages lavished art and treasure upon ecclesiastical foundations, they likewise splendidly endowed the cause of charity, as their hospitals among other institutions testify. That of *Santa Cruz* is due to the munificence of Cardinal Mendoza, and hence architecturally typical of late Spanish Gothic touched with Renaissance, (the phase sometimes termed *plateresque*)—a little more advanced in style than *San Juan de los Reyes*, but with great elegance of detail. The main body of the building symbolically forms a vast cross, under the central lantern of which stood the Altar, the space thus forming a chapel—visible it may be presumed from the four wings or wards; much as in certain ancient hospitals elsewhere the chapel formed one block with the single body of the work—e.g., our own modest mediæval St. Mary's at Chichester. Unfortunately, however, the whole building, with its splendid outlook, has now been vacated for any residential purpose, and with its great galleried courtyards is being transformed into a Provincial museum and library, housing some interesting exhibits.

No picture of Toledo, by pen or pencil, would be adequate which ignored its ancient defences—those works which add as much of beauty as of interest to a mediæval city, while imparting to it a peculiar air of secure and abiding individuality. The bridges have already been mentioned. The various other gateways and towers, together with lengths of walling, are naturally situated in that quarter of the city which, unguarded by the river, lies open to the plain. Some of them are truly fine pieces of architecture, such as the duplicated *Puerta de Visagra*, one of the ninth, the other of the sixteenth centuries; and the *Puerta del Sol* with its horseshoe archways and other mauresque features, and a commanding *coup d'oeil* from its battlements. A minor gateway leads out towards the extensive arms-factory on the low-lying river-bank—a reminder of the palmy days of the famous Toledo blades.

Outside it lie certain small shrines or "hermitages"—the "Christ of the Plain" (of Visigothic ancestry), "the Virgin of the Valley"—to engage the pilgrim; but it lacks outlying antiquities of note, such, for instance, as the two religious houses whose mediæval riches so greatly enhance the attraction of Burgos as a centre. Still, Toledo itself, isolated and self-contained, yet yields to the traveller an unstinted abundance of treasure.

W. RANDOLPH.

## THE SPREAD OF CATHOLIC CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

**T**HE Catholics of the United States, coming as they did from diverse and often radically opposed racial stocks, showed very little evidence, until the middle of the nineteenth century, of developing a definite consciousness of their common cultural heritage as children of the Church.

The tradition which the Maryland Pilgrims had cherished and nurtured in their cavalier hearts, it is true, was one which antedated both the Puritan and Restoration régimes. It had its roots in the Merrie England of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It was the selfsame tradition as that for which the martyrs of Tyburn had bled, and the Catholics of Maryland, as descendants of those Englishmen who had remained true to the Faith, had hoped to see this glorious tradition flower and expand in the freer air of the New World.

But such a tradition was hardly planted in Maryland before it was eclipsed by a usurping Protestantism. Thus it produced no art, no music, no literature. However, if any one group of Catholics in the United States can be said to have been aware of their cultural heritage as members of the Church, prior to the nineteenth century, certainly it was the little band which traced its ancestry back to the followers of Cecil Calvert. In the hearts of the descendants of the Maryland pioneers there was preserved intact a sense of filial pride in the Catholic past. If this awareness of a Catholic heritage found only slight expression as far as concrete objective manifestations were concerned, it was destined, nevertheless, to play a notable part in later days when, mingling with other cultural strains contributed by German and Irish immigrants, it was eventually to crystallize into a definite attitude of mind and help to create in this country a Catholic cultural consciousness.

The first fusion of these diverse Catholic cultural strains was greatly aided, and to a great degree stimulated, by certain events which took place in this country and in Europe about the year 1842. I refer specifically to such social phenomena as the Oxford Movement in England, the increased waves of immigration from Germany and Ireland to the United States,

and in America itself to the changes within the Catholic Church, which followed the conversion of a large number of native-born intellectuals, previously associated with the Ritualistic party in the Protestant Episcopal Church or with the far-famed Transcendental movement in New England. All of these happenings, since they brought new vigour and tone to the world of American Catholicism, helped the Church to become materially stronger, and resulted in various movements dedicated to a revaluation of the glorious Catholic past.

The Ritualistic Movement in the Protestant Episcopal Church in America has never been adequately surveyed by scholars. It is difficult, therefore, in an article of this type to do more than suggest its significance. That it had real and lasting effects upon the American Church, I do not think any historian would deny.

For one thing the Ritualistic movement stimulated Protestants and Catholics alike to turn over forgotten pages of the Christian past. In America, as in England, the movement was the outgrowth of a scholarly interest in Catholic history. Among other things it was the reading of such books as "The Lives of the Early Christian Saints," "The Tracts for the Times," Moehler's "Symbolism," Keble's "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Apostolica" (to which Newman, Keble, Hurrell, Froude and other English Anglicans had contributed "words burning with Catholic piety") which stimulated hundreds of High Churchmen in the United States to re-read their Church history and slowly to discern, with Newman, the convincing claims of the Holy See.

The Rev. Clarence Walworth (himself a convert from Anglicanism) suggested the significance of Ritualism in America in a book published in 1895 called "The Oxford Movement in America" (Catholic Book Exchange: New York). Among other things Father Walworth said: "We had, in truth, a little Oxford of our own on this side of the Atlantic. It was located in a little suburban appendix to New York City, known as Chelsea. Its name was the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church." From this particular seminary as a centre, the Ritualistic movement continued to spread until finally it had invaded many academic and clerical circles throughout the country. Union, Hobart and Kenyon Colleges were all in turn affected by the trend toward Rome.

From these colleges and others, young recruits were secured and over a considerable period of years the "Oxford

Movement in America " continued to introduce a very large number of " young men of high culture, great talent, and eminent virtue into the fold of the Catholic Church." The contributions which these Anglican converts and their descendants made to the cause of Catholic culture, either as priests or as laymen, have never been adequately appraised. Among a long list of illustrious names some stand out prominently: James A. McMaster, Edgar P. Wadhams, Dwight Lyman, Dr. William Everett, Edward W. Putnam, Henry L. Richards, William Richards, Benjamin W. Whicher, Francis P. Baker, Augustin F. Hewitt and Clarence W. Walworth.

Practically every one of these men contributed something lasting to the Catholic cultural milieu. James A. McMaster, a product of Union College, became one of the foremost Catholic journalists in the United States. For years, as the independent-minded editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, he continued to be a force for the inspiration of lay Catholic opinion. The *Freeman's Journal*, published weekly at New York, was conducted upon the principles of Louis Veuillot's *Univers*, a French Conservative paper which took for its editorial policy " avoid factions of all kinds; we belong only to our Church and our country."

Francis Asbury Baker, Clarence W. Walworth, and Augustin F. Hewitt all became prominent in the life of the Church as members of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. It was Father Baker, a graduate of Princeton (1839), who succeeded in establishing the tradition of rubrical exactitude which has ever been characteristic of the Paulist Community and has done so much to awaken in the minds of Americans an æsthetical appreciation for the liturgical beauty of the Church. Father Walworth distinguished himself as priest, poet and historian. He bequeathed to the Church in America among other things his famous translation of the *Te Deum*. Popularly known as the hymn, " Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," Father Walworth's translation is now an integral part of our Catholic consciousness. The hymn was written, however, by Father Walworth before his conversion and first appeared in the Evangelical Hymnal of 1853. Father Hewitt's excellent record as second Superior General of the Paulist Fathers is well known. He has long been considered one of America's greatest theologians and missionaries. A graduate of Amherst, Father Hewitt was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater after

he had become a Catholic priest. In the Amherst College library hangs his portrait, reminding Catholics at that institution that Amherst joins with the Catholic Church in honouring this gentleman, priest and scholar.

A lack of space will not permit us even to suggest the cultural contributions of other converts from Anglicanism who came into the Church during this period. As clergymen and laymen, hundreds of them did a signal service to the Church by helping to popularize Catholic truth through lectures and magazine articles. A typical Catholic layman of this period, Henry L. Richards, a graduate of Kenyon College, Ohio, and an ordained minister of the Episcopal Church, established a precedent which was continued by several members of his family. His eldest son, Henry, for many years served as the editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* published at East Cambridge, Mass., and devoted a long life to the cause of Catholic journalism. A younger son, Rev. J. Haven Richards, S.J., at one time served as president of Georgetown College.

This steady stream of conversions from Anglicanism was augmented by a more gradual but no less significant wave of conversions following in the wake of the Transcendental movement in New England from 1840 to 1870. During this short period, a great number of New England intellectuals forsook what Emerson termed "the icehouse of Unitarianism," and, after dallying in the philosophic by-ways of Transcendentalism, Utopianism and Fourierism, finally ended by embracing Catholicism. The most militant of these New England converts was, of course, Orestes W. Brownson. As editor, philosopher and apologist, Brownson won a significant place in the world of Catholic thought, both in his own country and abroad. The student of Catholic culture in America who turns over the files of "The Boston Quarterly Review" or "Brownson's Review" will discover many testimonies of what may truthfully be called the Golden Day of the Church in this land.

It was Isaac Thomas Hecker, however, the founder of the Paulist Community and a friend of Brownson, who was to leave the most lasting impress upon the American mind. Hecker had lived with the philosopher, Thoreau, at Concord, with George Riply and Hawthorne at Brook Farm, and had even tarried for a time in the household of the Orphic Alcott at Fruitlands. A mystic by nature, Hecker embraced Transcendentalism only to find that it led him into the mysticism of the Catholic Church. He became the foremost apologist

of his day for the mystical tradition of Catholicism. However the intimate associations which he had with Emerson, Riply, Channing, and other exponents of the New England school, also enabled him to appreciate that side of the American mind which tended toward rationality. He wrote two books therefore—"Questions of the Soul" and "Aspirations of Nature"—in which he sought to interpret both the mystical and rational claims of the Catholic Church in terms of the thought of his day. They were widely read in this country and abroad, and Father Hecker succeeded in converting a number of distinguished men and women to Catholicism. These converts he attempted to marshal into a sort of lay apostolic army which he hoped would convert America by means of personal example and the no less effective media of platform and pen. Later, as the First Superior General of the Paulists, Father Hecker united with the Anglican converts, Baker, Walworth, Hewitt and Deshon and became the connecting link between the converts from Anglicanism and Unitarianism. Through their Apostolate of the Press and Catholic Book Exchange, through public lectures and missions, the Paulists did much to awaken an interest among Americans in the deep spiritual traditions and cultural resources of the Catholic Church.

Father Hecker showed himself personally interested in converts with literary backgrounds and aspirations. He formed what was actually the first Catholic "Writers' Guild" in the United States and encouraged many young Catholic authors and poets. Largely under his guidance, there was built up in America an actual school of Catholic writers pledged to the task of acquainting the American public with Catholicity in all of its spiritual and intellectual aspects. *The Catholic World*, established by Father Hecker, eventually became the chief organ of expression for a large number of educated converts, who thus helped to foster in this country an articulate interest in Catholic art, literature, music and philosophy.

The files of *The Catholic World* and other religious magazines of the day, as well as the correspondence exchanged between converts during this period, show how interested most of these converts were in the mystical and spiritual traditions of the Church. Their enthusiasm soon manifested in action and many of them were most diligent in their attempts to bring home to their friends and associates the fact that they were but the development of an unbroken artistic tradition

which had persisted for centuries. If they were not always successful in their attempts to make this truth clear, they at least fought a good fight, and they did succeed in upsetting the complacency of such over-self-reliant individuals as Emerson.

Spurred on by Hecker, Brownson and others, a little band of scholarly Catholics set to work translating Catholic books and articles from the French, German and Italian. Their clearing house was the "Catholic Book Exchange." As time went on, original articles by Americans began to appear in the newly-established Catholic magazines. Through public lectures and conversaziones, what the Catholic Church stands for in art, literature and the things of the spirit was slowly but surely brought home to ever-widening circles of Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

The seed thus freely sown by these early converts from Anglicanism and Transcendentalism undoubtedly bore fruit in their own day and environment. But it was the next generation which multiplied that harvest beyond the hopes of these pioneers, by establishing throughout the United States definite cultural agencies in the shape of the Reading Circles of the late 'eighties and early 'nineties. From these Reading Circles there developed a very definite movement dedicated to the cause of Catholic education which materialized eventually in the Catholic Summer School of America. The early Reading Circles owed much to such priestly enthusiasts as Monsignor James F. Loughlin, D.D., Monsignor Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D., Brother Azarias of the Christian Schools, and Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. Layworkers for the cause included Warren E. Mosher, Professor George E. Hardy, Katherine E. Conway, George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

By the latter part of the nineteenth century, many lasting contributions had been made to Catholic intellectualism in the United States. Men like Charles Warren Stoddard, John Boyle O'Reilly, James Jeffrey Roche, F. Marion Crawford, Henry Harland, James Kent Stone, Maurice Francis Egan, John La Farge, Alfred Young, George Gilmary Shea, and others too numerous to mention, had added tone and authority to the world of Catholic art, letters and music. Among women writers, Agnes Repplier, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and Eliza Allen Starr were the first of a long line who stood for eminence in matter and style. Catholicism, as expressed in literature, had, by the first part of the twentieth century,

come into its own and for the first time in the United States the profession of the faith was realized by many to be not incompatible with the very highest type of culture.

With the rapid passing of the years, the Catholic population of the United States steadily increased. Thousands of immigrants, many of them men and women of finished education, settled in the States and were instrumental in furthering that sense of continuity with the treasures of the past that belongs to Catholics as their birthright.

To-day, in the twentieth century, the facilities of modern communication have given to American Catholic monthlies and weeklies a cosmopolitan tone that is essentially Catholic. Study-clubs and lecture-courses still aid greatly in propagating Catholic ideas. It is a debatable question, however, whether or not the American Catholics of to-day are as interested in popularizing their cultural heritage as were some of the earlier pioneers, who aimed at establishing not only local but national movements dedicated to that cause. We cannot shut our eyes, it is true, to the many splendid efforts that are being made, even in our own day, for the promotion of Catholic literature, art and music. The work of Mrs. Justine Ward and others connected with the Pius X. School of Liturgical Music at Manhattanville, New York, has been far-reaching in the stimulus that it has given to the reform of American church music. The rubrical and liturgical beauty of Catholic worship continues to be sponsored by such groups as the Paulists, of New York, and the Benedictines, of Minnesota, of whom the latter have even gone so far as to establish a magazine devoted to the liturgy, called *Orate Fratres*. Neo-Scholastic thought in America has taken on a new life and is being propagated through an excellent publication, *The New Scholasticism*. Much for the advancement of Catholic letters is to be hoped for from the recent establishment of a new quarterly, *Thought*, by the Jesuits, and by the founding some years back of the *Commonweal*, as an organ of lay Catholic opinion, under the auspices of the "Calvert Associates." Each year, in fact, sees added evidences of a growing cultural consciousness among the Catholics of America.

Of this one of the very latest manifestations is, I suppose, the founding of a Catholic Literary Awards Foundation as an adjunct to the Catholic Press Association. Its object is to stimulate by appropriate prizes all kinds of creative effort among Catholic writers. In connection, however, with the establishment of this Foundation, is it not fitting that Ameri-

cans should recall the fact that only a beginning has as yet been made to fulfil the real possibilities of Catholic culture in their midst? Certainly, the challenge which was given to a group of Catholic authors at New London, Conn., in 1892, has never been fully met. At that time, George Parsons Lathrop, a former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, pointed out several truths that Catholics to-day, especially those devoted to the propagation of Catholic ideals, may still reflect upon. Mr. Lathrop said, in part, on that occasion :—

During the four hundred years from the landing of Columbus to the present day, a work of great magnitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of this Western continent has been accomplished by Catholics. This epoch is regarded as the heroic age of American literature. The events, which mark the development of the providential design in directing the nation-builders to establish a new home for Christian civilization, furnish abundant materials for the historian, the poet and the novelist. It remains for the Catholics of America to study reverently the heroic lives of their ancestors ; to preserve the golden words they committed to writing. There is reason to hope that a new generation of writers will be encouraged to embellish with modern literary skill the chronicles of the valiant pioneers of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Accordingly, it comes to this that the modern American Catholic has not only abundant material in the history of the fortunes of Catholic civilization in the States for illustrating the unique effects of his faith, but has also the stimulating example of several generations of able and enthusiastic workers (such as we have been able to enumerate in our brief space) handing on the torch of their achievement and challenging a mightier effort. America as a whole has been affected only indirectly by the elevation and breadth of spiritual outlook which is the tradition of Catholicism, and thus there is an immense field before the cultured Catholic worker, bringing out of the Church's treasure-house things old and new.

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## CHRISTIANITY AND THE "PLAIN MAN"

**I**T has lately been forced upon the present writer by many modern non-Catholic books he has had occasion to take up, not only written by Christians but professing to teach true Christianity, to ask himself what their authors mean by the Christianity they teach. What to them is its essential content?

That we may not wander too far afield, let us confine ourselves, for illustration, to a single volume, the last that has come our way.<sup>1</sup> In itself it is of little importance, or it would be of little importance were it not that it is just such books as this that are taken up by ordinary readers in search of Christian enlightenment, with the hope that they will find in them the ideals for which they are looking. It contains no more than a hundred pages; it is written by an Anglican Canon and has a preface by the Bishop of London; the jacket tells us that it teaches "Christian ideals"; his Lordship, in the preface, emphasizes the fact that the book points the difference between the real Christian and "the man of the world." With such an introduction we may surely expect that here at least we have authentic Christianity; "Christ in the Common Ways of Life" should, with this introduction, be a book that could be taken by an unbeliever, be he western or eastern, as containing at least the common ground of Christian belief, as held by Anglicans, or Nonconformists, or Catholics.

What then do we find? Let us begin with the author's definition of a Christian. He writes:—

The Christian may be defined as a man who is alive to God, who has learnt to see His presence everywhere, who is trying to live in harmony with His Will and to play some part in the building of His Kingdom (p. 36).

When we read this we rub our eyes. If this is the definition of a Christian, in what does he differ from the conscientious Buddhist, or the Hindu, the Parsee, or the follower of Mohammed? In what does he differ from the Jew before him, or the Greek, or the Roman of old who followed the light of conscience? The Arab sheik, the Hottentot witch-doctor, would

<sup>1</sup> "Christ in the Common Ways of Life," by C. S. Woodward (Longmans).

each, if sincere, claim to come within this pale; as for the Indian fakir or sanyassi—I speak from personal knowledge—he would look on such a definition as something altogether beneath him. All these things has *he* kept since his youth. He is "alive to God"; he "sees His presence everywhere"; he "tries to live in harmony with His will"; he "plays some part in the building of His Kingdom"; nay, he does very much more, and he teaches more by precept and example, to the people who revere and follow him. If Christianity means no more than this, then beyond a doubt there are better things than Christianity in the world.

But perhaps the author would refuse to be bound by a single sentence; though he should remember that a "definition," according to all the rules of language, is a thing that must be taken by itself. We define precisely that we may see the thing defined; if it has to be qualified, it is no definition, and for the sake of truth we must use some other word. Still, let us see what he would add. He would bring in Christ Our Lord. This is what he writes:—

We must come to believe in Him as schoolboys believe in their heroes or many a soldier believed in his captain in the war. The faith by which man lived is not a dead creed, but a wholehearted acceptance of Jesus Christ as the Master of their lives, the Inspiration of their actions, the Leader Whom all too feebly they try to follow. This is what believing in Jesus means (p. 7).

And again, with still more emphasis:—

We may be indifferent theologians, ceremonial may make little appeal to us, organizations and committees may leave us cold, but if deep down in our hearts we feel that the Carpenter of Nazareth is the most splendid and heroic figure that the world has known, if we can see in Him some vision of the eternal, invisible Power that rules the world, if we can feel, however faintly, the impulse and inspiration of His spirit then, in spite of all that is defective in us, we may rightly claim the proudest name to which man can aspire, the name of Christian (p. 17).

Again we rub our eyes. As human writing this may be fine, but is it Christianity? If so, then were Strauss and Renan, so appreciative of the human perfection of Christ, Christians; or the Roman Emperor who would put Christ's statue among the other statues of his gods; if this is true,

then are many men Christians who call themselves unbelievers to-day. Let me once more speak from experience. Once upon a time I had a class of Hindu gentlemen, all over thirty years of age, who had caught the influence of the Name of Jesus and wished to learn more about Him. Week by week I taught them what I could; they were filled with admiration of the Man; they caught "the impulse and inspiration of His Spirit"; but if you had called them Christians, as we would understand it, they would have been indignant. To this day, so far as I know, those men remain Hindus; and there are many Hindus of their kind.

Or take another example. More than once have I met educated Mohammedans who have been full of admiration for and devotion to the Man, Jesus Christ. One of these, after taking his degree in an Indian University, came up to Cambridge. Before leaving India he called on me, and asked me to recommend to him some books which would help him to keep his ideal of Christ before his mind while he was in England; could I have recommended to him such a book as that we are now discussing? Yet he was and is still a Mohammedan; he does not, for all his enthusiasm for our Lord, "claim the name of Christian" as "the proudest name to which man can aspire."

Another case. A young, thinking, observant Mohammedan, who had already graduated, once came to me and said: "During all my college course I have been wondering why people like you come out to teach the likes of us. You have your country and your homes; you have nothing to gain; you do not even make money. In your own country you might rise in the world; here, you have nothing before you. What makes you do it? I am told it is your faith in Christ; that your devotion to Him leads you to this. Is that true?"

I told him that at bottom it was. At once he went on: "I wish you would teach me what that means."

We talked together; he read books; he bought the Gospels and studied them. One day he came again and said:—

"There can be no question that Christ is the greatest man the world has ever seen. Mohammed is nothing beside him. He is an ideal to follow. But that He is God! That is too much. I can keep Him before me as a standard, but I cannot believe that He is God!"

That man is still a Mohammedan, he does not believe that "the name of Christian" is "the proudest name to which

man can aspire"; yet he conforms to all the conditions we have here given to us as the essentials for a Christian.

We have seen the author's definition of a Christian; we have seen how Christ Our Lord has been instanced, as a Leader whom the greatest may aspire to follow; let us now test this doctrine by its opposite. In one place the question is asked, what would happen if God disappeared from the thoughts of men altogether? The answer startles.

How would my life be affected if I woke up to-morrow morning to find that God was gone? What difference would it make to my friends, the people I meet in business or at social functions? How would the work of the world be affected, what changes should we see? Is it too pessimistic to suggest that to the great majority of people, including many who are professedly religious, it would make little practical difference of any kind? For a time, no doubt, they would feel the lack of something with which they are familiar. The churches would be closed, Sunday would cease to be observed even to the limited extent which obtains to-day, habits of prayer which have lingered would be given up. But before long most people would become accustomed to the new conditions. To a minority the world and life would cease to have any meaning, but to the mass they would not be very different from what they are to-day (p. 20).

One asks oneself once more, can the author really mean what he says? Can this description of the meaning of God to men be according to the mind of any school whatever in the Church of England? Can it be according to the mind of the Bishop of London? Some years ago a book was written, to which his Lordship gave a most laudatory preface and which portrayed what would follow if it could be proved that Christ had not risen from the dead. The book was entitled "*When It Was Dark*"; and dark indeed was the picture drawn of the consequent shattering of divine faith. But this hypothesis goes much further. Not the divinity of Christ, but God Himself is gone, yet it makes "little practical difference of any kind." So, after all, St. Paul was wrong, when he attributed the corruption of the world to the ignoring of God (Rom. 1); the world can get on fairly well without needing Him. St. Augustine was altogether wrong, when he charged godless Rome with working its own doom; there

was no need for it to have perished : and we are all wrong to-day when we look with terror at Bolshevism and its "anti-god" campaign. We are unnecessarily frightened. At all events, if those Christian Saints and ourselves are wrong, and if the author is right, in what sense can the main dogma of Christianity be said to have really survived?

There are many more points of Christian doctrine—mark, we say Christian, as being fundamental to every form of Christian belief—which are similarly mistaught in this book ; we have taken only three as specimens. Now let us come to the application of Christianity to life, for this, as the author, the Canon, and his Lordship, the Bishop, insist, is the main purpose of the volume. It purposes to put before "Christians" "an ideal towards which to train their characters," and this ideal is thus lauded by the Bishop :—

He shows how searching that Gospel is in its bearing upon our work, our amusements, our use of money, and our attitude towards social questions (Preface).

Before we descend to detailed application, let us look at the author's principles. Here is one :—

Christ never taught that asceticism was a rule of the Christian life, nor did He practise it Himself (p. 64).

To guard himself from misunderstanding, on the same page he tells us what he takes asceticism to mean. He writes :

Asceticism, as distinct from temperance and self-control, has never been a Christian virtue. It is based upon the belief that the world is fundamentally evil and that the only right relation with the world is to escape from it (*ib.*).

It appears, then, that Christ never said : "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me"—follow Me, that is, in a life of detachment from home, and family, and possessions, and comfort, and self-interest.

When He died in torments on the cross, and, in so doing, gave us an example, did He propose to us no more than "temperance and self-control"?

It appears, too, that when St. Paul proclaimed that he taught "Christ and him crucified" (I Cor. i. 23), he had already lapsed from the Christian ideal ; so also had St. John

when *he* preached what he thought the spirit of his Master :—

" Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father but of the world. And the world passeth away and the concupiscence thereof : but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever " (I John ii. 15-17). If, then, they are wrong, and if the author of this book is right, it would seem that Christianity went astray from the very first. At any rate, the non-ascetic Christianity here preached finds no warrant in the New Testament.

Let us take another principle. We are told in one place, summing up the teaching of a preceding chapter, that :—

A man's work, his contribution to the sum total of the world's production, ought to be his chief interest and the main object of his existence (p. 60).

Where or when did Christ, Our Lord, teach this, or anything that can be construed in this sense? He taught : " Blessed are the poor, blessed are the meek, blessed are they that suffer persecution," but nowhere did He teach : " Blessed are they whose chief interest, and the main object of whose existence is to contribute to the sum total of the world's production." I am not saying that so to contribute is not good ; but I do say that it is no more " Christian " teaching than is advice to go to the cinema or to sit at home at ease ; I do say that to make this " the main object of existence," is in flat contradiction to the teaching of Him who said : " Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice : and all these things shall be added unto you " (Matt. vi. 33), and " Lay ye up treasure in Heaven," not on earth (Matt. vi. 20).

We take one more instance. The author is anxious that the Church and churchmen should play a greater part in politics and in social affairs. To this one has no objection ; the more good the Church and churchmen can do anywhere the better. But it is the argument which makes us wonder. He writes :—

We have been lately told by a leading politician that there are certain moral problems with which the Church may rightly deal in the political area, and he instanced the Temperance question as a leading example of what he meant. Is drunkenness then a greater moral evil than bad housing? Is not the slum landlord a chief cause of excessive drinking? (p. 82).

What are we to answer, as Christians and followers of Christ, to these two questions? To the first, flatly, yes; to the second, flatly, no. Drunkenness is a greater moral evil than bad housing, for it is a voluntary act, whereas bad housing is a circumstance. The slum landlord may be an *indirect occasion* of excessive drinking to a certain class of people, he is not a *cause*; what is more, excessive drinking is not confined to slum-dwellers. Man for man, we would suspect there is more of it among those who are by no means badly housed. But even confining ourselves to the class he has chosen to consider, let us answer the Canon's questions by questions of our own. Let him remember that moral evil is by no means the same thing as social evil; the latter is mainly a question of conditions, the former a matter of the will. If, then, two men come to him, and one says:—

"I live in a pigsty; I choose to live in a pigsty; I mean to go on living in a pigsty"; while the other says:—

"I get drunk; I like getting drunk; I mean to go on getting drunk"; would he consider that the first was morally as wicked as the second? If he would, then what would he think of one who came to him and said:—

"I was born in a cowshed. I am glad that I was born in a cowshed; I was a tramp's child in Egypt; I lived my life in houses which no municipality in England would tolerate; often enough I had not where to lay my head"?

To remedy bad housing or any other social evil is good; but a Christian will not say that bad housing is on the same plane with drunkenness. St. Paul warns his people against the latter; he says nothing about the first; yet we suspect that his neophytes in the slums of Antioch or Corinth were badly housed enough. Did he on that account approve? By no means; but he had his mind on things more important, things which would make saints and followers of Christ even in the slums.

We come now to the application of all this, to "Christ in the Common Ways of Life," which is the author's main purpose in writing this book. First, and very rightly, we are reminded of "the First and Great Commandment"; next, and very rightly, we have put before us the teaching of Christ concerning the Offering of Self, the Childlike Spirit, and the Spirit of Service; last of all, an examination is made of the Christian's attitude to Work, to Amusements, to Money, to Citizenship.

Now we would not for a moment say that what the author teaches on these subjects is not good. Nor in all our criticism would we have it thought that he is not very much in earnest. He is very much in earnest indeed; he sees evil all around him, both in the world and in the hearts of men, and he is determined to do what he can to remedy that evil. What we complain of is that the methods he adopts are in no way specifically Christian; what he says another man who was not a Christian might equally well say. Indeed others have said it, and have practised it, and say it and practise it to-day, apart altogether from any idea of the teaching of Christ. We complain that any non-Christian taking up this book might justly ask himself: "Why all this pother? What did Christ teach that I did not know before? What did He teach that I would not know from my own common sense, and from my sense of common honesty and justice?" We complain that the ideal he has set before his readers is not the ideal of Christ, but is that very ideal against which his Lordship, the Bishop of London, has warned us in the preface, that, viz., of "the man of the world." While professing to teach Christianity he has in effect killed and buried it. All that he preaches is natural religion: he extols merely the natural virtues.

For, after all, there are honest men in the world, and generous men, apart from Christianity; a man is not necessarily a Christian because, as the saying is, he runs straight. To such a man what can there be new in the doctrine of the willingness to make some sacrifice for the common cause, in the doctrine of "freedom from worry," and "hopefulness," and absence of "self-consciousness," and "spontaneity," as the content of what is here called "the childlike spirit"? When the author comes to his explanation of "the Spirit of Service" the "man of the world" might demur; but, then, too, so might St. Paul, and many Christian saints that have come after him. He would demur when he is told that:—

This is the spirit which He looks for in His followers. We are not to depreciate ourselves or wrap our talent in a napkin—[are these the same thing?];—that is a false humility (p. 49).

And in conclusion:—

All that a Christian should ask is that he may be useful and do something to make life better for those less fortunate than himself (p. 50).

The Christian asks : Is that all? And so, too, does " the man of the world." Moreover, when introduced to further details, " the man of the world " will be still more puzzled. Was Christ the first to teach, or is the teaching in any way at all peculiar to Him, that every man has a duty to other men, that man is a social animal, and that therefore he has a daily work to do in the social scheme? Or is it peculiar to Christianity to say that " the conclusion of the whole matter is that Christians ought to discriminate between what is good and bad in the matter of amusements " (p. 66)? Do not other men do this?

Let me once more not be misunderstood. I am sure that the author of this book, and his Lordship of London, who is recommending it, are as jealous of the good name of Christianity as I am. In whatever else we may differ we surely agree in this. To them, then, I would say : I have worked among thinking non-Christians in the East, I know many here. If any one of those whom I know were to take up this book, he must needs conclude, from the claim of the author and from the recommendation of his bishop, that here is an authentic ideal of Christianity, according to the mind of the Church of England. He will read and he will say : " Is this all? Then my Hinduism, my Mohammedanism, my Zoroastrianism is nobler and greater than Christianity after all." And I regret to say, from my own limited knowledge of their ideals, that he will be right.

To such a pass, would I add to my friends in the Church of England, has your comprehensiveness brought you. The ideal has been lowered till at last it has gone below that of your unbelieving fellowmen. Is this the way you would appeal to your countrymen? Is this the way you would fill your churches? They come and find they learn nothing they did not know before; they do not come again. It is not by minimizing the doctrine of Christ, it is by giving it in all its perfection, that you will win men back to the greatness of the Christian ideal.

The " plain man," for whom the Canon writes, however ignorant he may be, wants to know the truth and deserves, nay, has a right, to hear it. He may not, as the Canon says, know much of " abstruse definitions of His Divinity " (p. 3), but he does want to be shown that Jesus Christ is truly God. He may not know very much of His life on earth in detail, but he does find courage and inspiration in the realization that

He who was "equal to God" yet came to earth and shared with man his burthen. On this account he looks to Him, far more than schoolboys to their heroes or soldiers to their captains (p. 7); he looks to Him as the Light, the Life; "Without me you can do nothing."—"I can do all things in him who strengthens me." Union with Him, not merely admiration of Him; love of Him here and now alive, not merely devotion to a past ideal; closeness to Him, in obedience, in imitation, in union of very life, these are things which even the "plain man" can understand, and to which, if they are put before him, he will respond.

This is the foundation; it is a faith that is much more than that of mere man in mere man. And corresponding to it is the teaching; that, too, is on a plane above that of simple human reason. When the Canon tends to water down, that the "plain man" may grasp it, the doctrine of Christ; when he makes light of theology; he forgets that Christ Himself often blamed His hearers, not only Pharisees, for their refusal to see and to hear. He forgets that He often spoke in parables, and explained those parables only to His chosen twelve; he forgets that terrible scene when His audience said to one another: "This is a hard saying, and who shall hear it?"—and after which "many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him." All these accounts, and all the four Gospels are full of them, let us see that, though, it is true, "to Him religion was so simple that unless a man became like a little child he could not understand it" (p. 12), yet the first quality of the child—the Canon does not say this—is humble docility, the willingness to accept on faith what at first it does not understand.

Yes, it is true, "In the teaching of Jesus, God comes absolutely first" (p. 21). But will not the Canon agree that in the mouth of Christ Our Lord this meant more than it meant in the mouth of Plato, or Buddha, or Mohammed? If it did not, then, as we have said, what more than these has Jesus Christ taught? It did mean more; and that more is contained in the single comment: "I and the Father are one." God comes absolutely first, and Jesus Christ comes with Him; not a hero only, not a captain only, but very God Himself made man. Let the "plain man" grasp this, let the teacher of the "plain man" not hide it in a confusion of phrases, and then he will learn what a dignity is his own, the brotherhood of Christ, the sonship of the Father, the fellowship with other men under

that royal roof. Let him grasp this and at once he will look out on "the common ways of life" with eyes that have a new orientation.

Such a man is not "far from the Kingdom of God," as Christ Our Lord Himself pointed out; but until he rises to the divinity of Christ, let him make of Christ whatever else he likes, let him even "work miracles in His name," and he is still far away. To one who does not take the divinity, the words of Christ can be no more than the words of any other sage, grand and noble it may be, but not of necessity wholly true. He may speak of "the offering of self," but the man who accepts Him as a sage and no more interprets His words to his own liking. He may speak of "the childlike spirit," and He is taken to mean just that which any other man has said before or since. But to him who believes, He is "Christ the power of God, and the glory of God," and that is "Christ crucified," and at once "the offering of self," "the childlike spirit," "the spirit of service," are raised to a magnitude beyond the analysis of just common sense. "To the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Gentiles foolishness"; this is "the liberty of the children of God," and when this liberty is reached what social reform may it not accomplish? Without it we may go far by other means; but let us not confound the two. Above all, when people come to us to learn what Christ did really teach, let us not serve them with that which has been taught by every thinking man before and since. Such is not Christianity; it may be its groundwork, it may be according to the dictate of human nature; but He who taught with: "I say to you," taught more than human nature teaches. And precisely that more is what the "plain man" wants to learn; and he is a far more willing learner than those imagine who would give him the teaching of Christ so diluted that its whole significance is lost. This truth, we hasten to add, the Canon discovers in the very last sentence of his book; but it is not the teaching that has gone before.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

## FALLEN LEAVES. II

### II

**A**LKIMEDON, on returning to Troiê, sat quiet in his father's plot of soil and never moved from it. It was not far to the south of his Troian cousins, but he saw little of them or indeed of anyone. He always was able to grow enough barley for his own use, and since hardly anyone in those parts had any more use for horses for some years, he left the growing of wheat and clover to his sons, who went to live still further south where the land was flatter. He was content within his hedge of prickly thorn, with his few poor olives and the asphodel-bulbs off which he fed. Indeed his life might have been called miserable by most, seeing that he ate thus scarcely any meat, and even drank water, and did not disdain the fish that he caught, fishing from promontories by the sea with flaxen lines. As time went by, he became known as one from whom the wits were stricken, so would he sit and fish as though there had been pleasure in it; he would fish as though dreaming, and had been known to cast the fish, that he thus caught, back into the water. But he was not witless, but loved to live with the thoughts of his mind, with the dreams no less of day than of night, rather than with talk of men. And as for talk, he had dogs that came to live with him, though he kept no flocks save one goat only whence he drew milk; and as for the dogs, he tamed them, for after the long war the dogs of that region had gone backwards towards the wolf, so had they eaten for those ten years the flesh of corpses of Akhaian and of Troian, in the days when the whole plain reeked. But Alkimedon loved to draw the dogs back to their true nature, and they loved him, and would go about with him, and stand at his side trembling with delight as they gazed at who knows what, but from side to side the dogs looked, ears pricked, and trembling with delight. And at night they slept in the hut, while Alkimedon sat by a little fire of cones, his knees hunched beneath his chin, and beside him there too the dreams came, and the dogs stirred and put out their paws and whimpered as the dreams passed them, and among the dreams was ever Helenê, Helenê dead long since in Lakedaimon, a golden Helenê coming back from the dim fields of asphodel, too golden to stay hidden there beneath the murk, shining from behind the years of Ilios, shin-

ing as in the years of her happy girlhood, if ever Helenê was happy.

As for his sons, they went ever southward, till they went right round behind Mount Ida and found land that they might till near the river Kaikos where there were fine settlements, and they knew that they had conquered evil fate when they were able to make a chariot that might be drawn by mules, for even then horses were but a proud delight and a luxury in those parts; still, they had one mule of noble Paphlagonian breed, and they went to and fro with the wagon among the settlements carrying fruit, for the fruit came well in their orchard. Pears they had in plenty and apples, and travellers from the East had brought pomegranates, and these grew better on their land than anywhere else and they could barter them readily for the rest of the food they had need of. In time, by bringing water from springs high up on the hillside through reeds to the top of their garden, they were able to let it trickle this way and that at will over the whole plot, leading it skilfully and making little doors that closed first the channels to the left, then those to the right, and at times storing the water up during the hot part of the day in a cistern and in the evening opening all the runnels, till the whole slope of their land tinkled with tiny waterfalls. Perhaps it was because these men spent their lives so quietly, that their sons were in their turn restless and had but little love save for hunting. Even as boys they had liked to stir up the bees' nests in the rocks and one had even been stung to death by thread-waisted wasps in doing this; and they had everywhere snared birds with flaxen nets which they made in the winter nights, and even the older men were glad when they caught thus pigeons with mincing gait and brought them home; but thrushes and sparrows and even starlings the boys were ready enough thus to snare and to kill them and make secret meals of them. But they were beaten when this was found out, for the thing was impious in itself, seeing that from these the gods liked very often that their will should be discerned. But they were in truth but imitating as boys should the greater things of age, and when youth overtook them, they went up into the mountains for true hunting, and though they heard tales of lions up there and leopards, they saw none, but now and again a bear, and jackals often, and deer, and above all the wild boar, whom, as he routed among the scrub, they pierced with ash-wood spears, and used his tusks for the decoration of their leather caps and belts, and even to make garden

tools with, and his sinews and his entrails for lyre-strings, since all of them loved singing.

Hence perhaps neither their own sons nor their sons' sons could sit still on their farms, but began to move in all directions and marry with women of the Musioi, Karians and the Lukioi towards the south and even past the place where the land turned eastwards. Moreover, ship after ship of men was coming over from the west, for that land was miserable and the Dorians were soon making it more miserable still. So the villages that stood near the mouths of the vast valleys plunging down from the eastward uplands began to grow into towns and had their kings and were glad of new-comers and were eager to trade with the dark men from the east, especially the Phoinikés who had many ships. They did not at all like to move up the valleys, however, because the mountains up there were burnt like dead hearths, after the forests were once passed, and they had heard of seas that were not seas, but the mere salt of seas, white and sparkling sheets of salt, and this frightened them, and the peoples up there that had worked silver in old Troian days were too unlike themselves to have gods able to be propitious, and indeed there was a goddess who howled to and fro among those mountains, beating a drum, and of her too they were terrified. Even in the village Ephesos there was a stone that had fallen from heaven by that goddess's will, and she lived in it, and many who had killed even kinsfolk sat round it as suppliants, chewing violent herbs to drive evil out of them, and beating drums. Nor did they often go very far to the east, round the angle of the land, by sea, because those who ventured into the sunrise never came back and none knew what had happened to them. But to the great island Kupros they went readily and founded towns there which had kings, and in Kupros there was another goddess's stone which the Phoinikés had seized saying it was their goddess, and women surrounded it with acts of such impiety that the newcomers were almost ashamed to call it Aphroditê. Still, foam blew from the sea right to the stone itself, so that it did not seem possible that the stone could belong to anybody else, and they called it Aphroditê, but the Phoinikés, Astartê or other names. Though at first they were easily outwitted by the Phoinikés, the inhabitants of Kupros itself were so stupid that from them they learnt such tricks as to enable them little by little to deal even with the Phoinikés and even with the people of the Aiguptioi whither, indeed, their ancestors used

to go, but mostly for pay, to fight. Others, a few, went infinite westward journeys into countries full of mists, where the night never ended.

Kupros was full of Phoinikés, men so red that you would have thought they stained their faces with their own red dye, with which they stained ivory so as to make ornaments for women and for horses: all wanted these, but the Phoinikés were cunning, and kept them hidden till they had made the westerners weep with desire for them, and then they brought them forth, nibbling at their minds till they gave more than at first they had dreamed of giving. And their ships were full of a thousand toys that made the westerners laugh outright before they had finished weeping, especially the Iavonés, who were like the men of Attika in wits, children, ready to weep and laugh swiftly and with no due cause, and as for chattering, they never ceased. It was with these that the eastern sons of Zeus Medon most willingly went, because they never forgot that in part they came from Attika.

Indeed, during the next generation, the head of the clan of the Medontidai became so sure that his forefathers had been kings in Attika that he professed great indignation that his kindred should make themselves over thus to trading, and desired hotly to become king himself over the villages that had grown up here and there around their farms, for quite enough of the clan did stay at home to farm, and these farms prospered and had many fatted horses at the manger. He mocked at his cousins and even uncles who went sailing, who had ever their eye on the sea-roads, thinking about freights, snatching gains, living in ships till they became as white, said he, as the Akhaians in their wooden horse, long ago at Ilios. He would show his own brown skin, almost so dark as the red skin of the Phoinikés which he insisted had been dyed.

Some of his kinsfolk had no objection to his being a king, but they reminded him that even Agamemnon had needed gold, and they sang of golden Mukenai till Korinthos itself was no more thought of by them, and their songs set Agamemnon as King within Mukenai, while in his tomb at Amuklai Agamemnon still slept for a few years more.

"You dream false dreams of kings," said they. "You fancy that wars and strife and battles may be so dear to them to-day as in those distant times. You want to be better than all, master of all, to lord it over all, give the word to all."

Kallimedon retorted that it was much better for everyone if there were someone who could do this; though there was

now no sceptre that might be carried, still there was need of one to watch over the traditions, and guard the decisions given by gods and the nurslings of gods long ago. Manifold kingship was no use : but kingship there must be, especially if the merchant-Medontids wanted to get the better of Phoinikés and the rest. For after all, kingship, crown and dooms were given by the Son of crafty Kronos who could not but know all wiles.

The others agreed that it was good to have one head for the tribes, one head for the clan, but they refused altogether to have Kallimedon for a people-eating king like others up and down the coast whose houses were full of metal and of women. The spirit of the gods had died out of such men long ago, if ever they possessed it as the songs said they did : they could see no one like that now, least of all Kallimedon. And they went on trading and quite refused to give over part of what they got to Kallimedon, which was what he had really wanted. He digested his anger for the day, but kept his spite for the future, and while they were away went cooing to the other kings of the coast till an infatuation beset him and he beat some meaner man so hard over the shoulders in a quarrel, that the man killed him with a club, and after that his sons and his grandsons had little desire for kingships, but continued to trade and return in older age, to work their farms, upon which they had kept their sons in their boyhood, driving furrows, drinking their cup of wine at the furrow's end, burning the locusts up, and learning songs.

It was the great-grandson of Kallimedon, propitiously named Polumedon, who was the greatest merchant of them all. He actually did enter Egypt, but even he had a certain awe of it ; and when he saw the mountainous tombs of kings, built long before the time even of his own god-like ancestors, he came away, because always in the Medontidai there were two spirits, one which prompted them to all manner of things, and one which checked and defeated them. But into the land of the Phoinikés he went, to Turoi itself, which was more prosperous than ever just then, and engaged in a new trade southwards. Polumedon had even sailed with a cedar-freighted ship, carrying cedar for a temple of those southern gods being built by the son of a king called Dôdos, said Polumedon, laughing much, for the Phoinikés called the name Dôd, and sometime Daûd, but neither of these names could Polumedon bear to pronounce. It seemed foolish to Polumedon that so rich a temple should be built by barbarous men

like the Khebraioi upon a little rock in so distant a country, but there was no doubt that the king was rich; and though the Phoinikés mocked at the songs sung by the people of Salômon, Polumedon confessed that from what he had heard they sang in much the same way themselves and worshipped a Lord of the Heavens and a Lord of Dancing who, so far as he could see, were not very different from the gods of the Khebraioi, unless it was true that the Khebraioi had only one, as might befit indeed so remote and mountainous a folk.

Perhaps because of these roving habits of his father, Menippos, his son, seemed born unable to keep to the tasks at which Polumedon set him. Indeed, Polumedon seemed to him insolent, for seeking to keep him thus at the farm-labour he despised. Even as a boy, he failed at that work. He broke many a rod, despite his mere childish strength, on the slug-gard backs of asses, but they would not move. Serfs laughed when he picked up the winnowing-shovel in the threshing-yard, for the dancing pulse and black-coated beans leapt away to right and left and fell in no due heaps. His bridges over the little torrents snapped in the midst: he could not distinguish sheep, as shepherds should; he could not remember the names he had given to new fruit-trees when he was little; when he threw stones at dogs he could not hit them; he would sit watching geese and cranes and long-necked swans splashing about in the streams, but had no lore of omens—even, once, seeing an eagle carry off a goose, he neither venerated it as omen, though all the rest followed it with their eyes and yelled gleefully when it descended to the left, nor lamented for the goose; yet he held that the long flights of cranes through the clouds were carrying slaughter to the Pygmies and wished, said he, that he might follow them. Plenty of birds, he argued, go to and fro beneath the skies, but not all mean something . . . and this was seen to be clear impiety, and that he watched these cranes not as Zeus directed, but as calling him merely from the thrice-ploughed fields. His father, then, had given him a hatred of sitting still, and a hatred of work upon the farm, and yet no will to traffic, and Menippos was divided in mind and did not know what it was he sought. Especially the winters were abominable to him: he would not sit playing draughts, but would stare at the flakes when Zeus began to snow, and calmed the winds, and covered hills and fields, falling into the sea, and vanishing. Weak was the armoury, he dreamed, that Zeus thus showed to men. And

he began to have an anger against Zeus, feeling himself akin to those mere snowflakes.

"Zeus," thought he to himself, "can go to dine with the Aethiopians; me he has entangled in a heavy Doom who must sit here as alien to those about me as though I were clanless, rightless, hearthless; and why should they tell me that better is the man Zeus loveth than many nations? Neither his love have I, nor nations, and weaker am I even than men of this weak day that are naught compared to our forefathers. I am loathed by all the gods." Zeus, they told him, gives as he pleases to men, and you must endure it: are you a Kuklops, living alone, without customs, that you should not have awe of him?

This made him angrier and angrier, till he began to wish to have different gods altogether, since without gods no man can live. Hence his father's tales of the gods proper to those with whom he traded began to allure him, and without knowing it his father, hoping that his son might at least follow the paths of traffic, and telling tale upon tale, thus achieved woes even beyond the doom of either of them, for both of them. Afterwards, when this came about, Polumedon bitterly blamed, not himself, but those other gods and even Zeus who had not troubled to maintain his power over the wits of Menippos; but the gods were mocking him meanwhile, and exclaiming to one another at the futility of mortals who by their own childishness brought upon themselves unfated ills, seeing one man sought to fix his own doom upon another, as Polumedon did upon Menippos.

Menippos indeed passed from one distress into a new one; it had never been his will to marry in open marriage, for his soul had bidden him wander among women at his choice: but women were not often friendly to him, and his father was resolved that no hidden children should become his heirs. He found therefore one, ill-favoured but shrewd for managing the house, and forced Menippos into marriage, and a son was openly born to them. Almost immediately, Menippos felt that the ends of destruction were now knotted about him, and he knew that he must escape from that land altogether. And one day when a party of tradesmen had come from the east, and were talkative in the market-place, and indeed the Voice that speaks in men's voices even when they know it not, flamed up around them and was making the listeners' thoughts crackle like heather alight upon the hillside, Menippos listened to their stories of lands to be reached across the

mountains and resolved to join the next travellers that should go thither. He had no goal save what was not his home : he had no certain knowledge of what he should find to further him : but tales had reached him of that vast goddess behind those mountains, whose very throne was mountainous, round whom lions fawned harmless and adoring, for whom every wild beast offered its horns for her hymning, its hide for her drums.

But it could not be thought that the gods either of here or of there would bless his going, since he left his father and his father's farm ; he left his wife to be neither maid nor widow but to waste in scorned old age ; he left his son, a baby and no more ; and he left all the ties of common blood and worship that bound him to his fellows. Therefore who can wonder if he was unacceptable to the goddess that was great in those high mountains ; and indeed it may be that she regarded him as so vile that into him she placed all the seeds of evil that were scattered through the band of traders with whom he went, and expelled him and the evil together from among them, and from life itself.

Menippos therefore started up the valley of the stream called Hermos, and very soon they came to a walled hamlet, Sardeis, and thereafter ascended steadily into uplands ever more bleak. The track never ceased to be distinguishable, and they kept meeting groups that were coming down from the higher parts, though not all would take the road down the Hermos valley, but might turn somewhat southward and follow the Maiandros to the sea. However after a while the caravans became rarer and they journeyed for hours without seeing anybody. After some weeks they were in a world of rolling downs, covered with heather and scrub, with mountain peaks mysterious on the horizon all around them, and lakes gleaming with white crusts of salt round their edge. From miserable huts gaunt peasants came out to look at them : children stood staring, or ran screaming to their mothers. Menippos grew unutterably tired, and was often frightened. Since no one knew how to name the gods who lived in the mountains, the whole party many times a day offered homage to these nameless gods. Several mules died, and the men had to carry great bundles of their stuff. Once a group of merchants passed them with acrobats among them who intended to tumble among the tables of feasters in the towns beside the sea. They gave away some of their fabrics to the acrobats, and received in return crooked pieces of

foreign wood, or piebald pebbles, to protect them against the gods of the lakes and the hills. Often they passed the stumps of trees on which unknown hands had hung rags or wisps of wool, or had driven metal into them. On one stump they saw two feet nailed, blackened by the weather. The very birds had not touched these feet, and the men wondered whose they were, and to what part of the enormous expanse of rock and pebbles the bleeding man had dragged himself. Further on, they found another stump with feet upon it : and Menippos became harassed by ghosts of men, hobbling without feet over the hills and able to catch him up, ran he never so fast, as they came thudding along behind him. The sun hurt his head, and the blood beat heavy within it. It was like a great drum, drumming within him ; and at times the whole mountain became full of the drumming, like a drum, loose-covered with thick skin, on which a giant man from whom a god had stricken the wits, went drumming. With incredible speed the giant man went from this side to that in the hills ; the hills drummed incessantly, and uttered high cries, like horns, that shot up like blunt spears inside his skull till its cap cracked.

One day there was no drumming, but the silence of the hills was worse than the drum. There was to be a storm ; the sky was iron above them, and their feet were shod with heaviness and all the weight of mountains lay on their heads. They crested a little hill, and stood in terror ; for there they saw a man, stripped, with whitened face, but with his limbs gashed red, holding handfuls of bleeding flesh that he stared at. It was his own flesh that he had cut from himself, in an ecstasy because of the Great Goddess whom men honoured thus, and with the cry of horn and crashing of metal disc and drum. Some children and a fever-worn man or two stood watching him from a distance. The travellers did not know that he had thus cut himself up out of worship, and hurried after a moment to his help ; but the children ran frantically to and fro, and the men made threateningly at the travellers, and the mutilated man himself, with a loud shriek, plunged into the scrub and was seen no more.

Thereupon the storm broke. All the fury of the sky howled over the uplands. The Great Goddess swept furiously from the mountains, and the whole world went mad with the shouting of her horns and her terrific drums. Ancient things stirred horribly in the mind of Menippos ; the sorrow and the splendour of his race stirred in his blood ; he invoked his first

ancestor, Medon, Medon the son of the god, who in a flame and a mighty sound had been caught back to God. . . He broke from his companions and fled into the illimitable country.

In the storm it was impossible to follow him, and they never found him. The next morning broke fresh and radiant, and through a cool air like wine of the gods they went forward to the east. But Menippos ran ever deeper into the scrub, doubled up, flying from men without any feet, who went thudding about among the bushes, and companioned by faceless men who looked at him without seeing him but would claw and tear him should they catch him. So, slinking among the brambles and tumbling through heathery open reaches, eating berries and roots, he spent many years, a god-hunted man to whom none spoke, and indeed they were few enough to see him. He never went near the little stone settlements if by chance he happened on one; sometimes a shepherd, who had grown in his solitude not unlike Menippos and talked when no voice answered and saw what no eye could see, threw fragments of dead sheep into the bushes where they stirred as the god-hunted man went through, and Menippos ate this if he could get it before the birds did. In those thorny uplands, and in the fever-steaming marshes lower down, there were many wandering men like him, victims of nameless gods; but if he ever met them, he shunned them, as they did him; for after a long while he could no more speak; and after a scarce longer while, the mind ceased to live in him, and dumbly understanding nothing, he at last lay down and moved no more, even when great birds sailed slowly down to him, and perched upon him, and did not even wait till he died, for their repast. Such was the due sacrifice of this human traveller to the vast nameless gods of that inner land, with its extinguished hills and its dim tangled grasses, and the divine distance full of the gentle sound of drumming.<sup>1</sup>

C. C. MARTINDALE.

<sup>1</sup> Alkimedon, who returned from the visit to Helen, died about 1200 B.C.; Menippos, his descendant, died about 950: in the previous chapter, Neomedon, Alkimedon's uncle in Attika, died about 1235; and the story of the Attikan Medontids was there carried down to about 1060 B.C.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### ANGLICAN "COMPREHENSIVENESS" A CONFESSION OF IGNORANCE.

NOTHING proves the heretical character of the Anglican Establishment more clearly than the utter absence in its members of the sense of heresy. Heresy is the worst of spiritual sins: it is the impudent preference of one's own idea of truth to that proclaimed by Almighty God: it is an act of rebellion in that domain wherein God's truth should be welcomed and worshipped, the mind of man. Undivided Christendom loathed heresy and approved of the strongest measures against it, both on social and religious grounds. The history of the Catholic Church is marked in every age by the forcible ejection of heresiarchs, for a living organism must get rid of whatever is alien to its system, or lose its health. But when, as in the non-Catholic "Churches," heresy is made a principle of belief and human reason declared superior to any living authority, then, naturally, selecting one's faith for oneself ceases to be thought a sin but becomes instead a matter of duty. There can be no such thing as the sin of heresy in a body that does not acknowledge God's voice in some guaranteed teacher.

Accordingly, the Catholic need not be shocked or puzzled when he finds people who scorn the name of Protestant and aim at finding in the Anglican Establishment the authentic lineaments of the pre-Reformation Catholic Church, who to all appearance have gone back to the doctrines and practices which the Elizabethan reformers emphatically repudiated—when he finds such people dwelling contentedly in the same comprehensive "Church" with other Anglicans who, whether they hold with the reformers or have practically abandoned traditional Christianity altogether, at any rate, reject the cherished beliefs which these "Anglo-Catholics" claim to have recovered. If these pretenders were really Catholic in spirit they would be in perpetual anguish at seeing how the grossest heresies were entrenched in the Establishment, how false doctrine was being preached from nearly every pulpit, how the sacraments, even the most sacred, were profaned or neglected, how the State claimed and exercised final control in matters of jurisdiction, worship and doctrine. Whereas, what do we find? Complete insensibility to the absence of "Catholic" orthodoxy in the bulk of the episcopacy and clergy, full communion, even with the Modernists, whose every sacramental rite they should stigmatize as sacrilege,—nay, more, an almost blasphemous acceptance of the situation as Providentially designed to give full expression to the various "aspects"

of truth. We have frequently called attention to this new and desperate device, adopted by certain High Anglicans in order to explain and justify their communion with those from whom on ordinary Catholic principles they should cut themselves adrift on pain of sharing their misbelief. "The Church is really a League of Religions," "the Church must combine and contain whatever is true and good in Catholicism, Evangelicalism and Modernism," "the Church must comprehend, with a view of reuniting, the divergent ethos of Catholic and Protestant"—to such fallacies and futilities have "Anglo-Catholic" apologists been driven in their frenzied endeavour to square their pretensions with the facts. If they were what they claim to be, the descendants of the pre-Reformation Church in this country, then their duty would be to denounce as heretics the Evangelicals who have abandoned so many Catholic tenets, and the Modernists who have abandoned them all, and take measures to break off communion with them. But that they have no intention or desire of doing, being heretics themselves. Nothing, for instance, could be more graceful than the compliments paid by the *Church Times* to the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury on the occasion of his jubilee as Primate, yet it concludes its encomium with a remark the implications of which, to anyone not unconsciously steeped in heresy, would form a deadly insult—"His own religion, more essentially Presbyterian than Anglican, is his life"!

Whenever, therefore, we meet a High Anglican who boasts of the "comprehensiveness" of his Church, we must reckon him as far from a true conception of the spotless and unwrinkled Spouse of Christ as the lowest Lutheran or Calvinist. The true Church is called Catholic because it embraces all revealed Truth. The Anglican Church is called "comprehensive" because it embraces both truth and error, and cannot say for certain which is which. If it knew, for instance, that the effect of consecration was to associate God Incarnate objectively with the Elements, it could not, in reason, forbid reservation and adoration. If it knew that the words effected only a sort of spiritual union of Christ with the devout communicant at the time of reception, then it should forbid adoration as idolatry, and make provision for the sick by shortened bedside services. But it dare not, because it cannot, say whether Christ is really present or no. It is the fact of which it is ignorant, not the method. An attempt to explain the method presupposes some sort of philosophy, and the Anglican Church has none. Yet how few Anglicans will own that their boasted "comprehensiveness" can be explained and justified only by their ignorance of the truth! The Dean of Wells is not among them.

The Church of England [he writes to *The Times* (Feb. 14)] in her desire for truth, simplicity, and comprehension has refused to make any pronouncement in her formularies as to

the method whereby in the Holy Eucharist the elements of bread and wine are caused to be for us who receive them the Body and Blood of Christ. In our Communion Office we offer a prayer to our heavenly Father that we receiving these His creatures of bread and wine in remembrance of our Saviour's death and passion may be partakers of His most Blessed Body and Blood; and we base our petition on the promise of Christ Himself implied in the words of the original Institution, "Take, eat; this is my Body," "Drink ye all of this; for this is my Blood." This careful restraint leaves open to individual judgment under the guidance of responsible teachers the whole question of the method by which the promise of Christ is fulfilled. . . This is language of truth, simplicity, and comprehension. To define is too often to divide.

To define, without authority to do so with certainty, may well be to divide, for a definition is an intellectual decision, only to be accepted if known to be right. But we note that what the Dean calls "careful restraint" extends to the fact as well as to the manner, for the Elements, even as received, are called "His creatures of bread and wine," and the famous Black Rubric declares that these Elements "remain still in their very natural substances, whereas the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and not here." So the "individual judgment," even "under the guidance of responsible [but fallible] teachers," cannot learn whether his Church teaches the Real Objective Presence or not. It is claimed, indeed, that authority, in the famous Bennett Judgment, does offer guidance as to Eucharistic belief, but, first, the authority is civil, not ecclesiastical, and, secondly, all it decides is that Mr. Bennett's profession of faith might be benignantly interpreted as not incompatible with Anglican formularies. So we are where we were. Anglicanism doesn't know what it teaches: hence amongst other things, the Prayer Book crisis.

J. K.

#### "ADJUSTMENT" OF ANGLICAN ORDERS.

THE unsatisfactoriness of the Malines Report has already been shown in *THE MONTH*, and in many other Catholic organs. But, perhaps, not sufficient attention has been paid to Section III. of the "Memorandum Presented for the Roman Catholics." (What is the significance of that "for"?) Father Woodlock has, it is true, pointed out that the passage in section 8 of the Lambeth Appeal—expressing a readiness on the part of the Anglican clergy to accept a form of communion or recognition "from other religious bodies"—"was inserted to meet the difficulties of non-episcopalians," as was, indeed, acknowledged by the Anglicans at Malines (p. 14 of the Report), and he has, very naturally, questioned the "doubtless" in the Anglican remark: "Incidentally it may

doubtless be applied to the attitude of Anglicans towards Rome." (*Ibid.*) But there is, surely, more in it than that. Supposing that, as the Anglican Report says, "the offer of the Anglican bishops did not . . . exclude the idea of an understanding also with the Churches which are organized round an episcopal hierarchy"; supposing that "no difficulty would be made by the Anglican bishops about consenting to such an adjustment in regard to ordination as might seem necessary to the Roman Church, in order to place beyond all doubt in the eyes of all the validity of their ministry" (p. 85); in what would that "adjustment" consist?

Observe that the Anglicans say (p. 14) that, "it is vital to notice that everything turns on the preliminary requirement that other matters shall have been satisfactorily adjusted first." We gather from p. 85 that these "other matters" are "all matters relating to doctrine," and "a system of discipline." This, therefore, must mean that the Anglicans would be willing, under certain circumstances, to submit to conditional ordination. Any other construction is impossible. As a rule, when an Anglican clergyman is ready to make his submission to the Holy See, it is because he has seen the truth of the indivisibility of the Church of Christ, and is driven to acknowledge the justice of the Papal claims; the question of his Orders drops into a secondary place, and is settled for him by the authority of the Church. If he wishes to become a priest, he submits without question to what the Church invariably requires—unconditional ordination. Such would be the case with any Anglican Bishops who had become convinced of the truth of the Catholic doctrine as to the nature and endowments of the Church and the Papacy. There could be no question of making conditions as to ordination. But, in the present case, the Anglican Bishops, quite secure about their own ecclesiastical status, make "an offer" for the sake of Christian unity: they are ready, as we said above, to submit under certain circumstances to a form of conditional ordination. No one who understands and believes in the Sacrament of Orders, and is certain that he has received that Sacrament could, without grievous sin, allow himself to be ordained again absolutely and throw the responsibility for what was done on his ordainers.<sup>1</sup>

Let us suppose, then, that the Anglican Bishops have implied their willingness, in a certain event, to accept conditional ordination. The cause of unity is not thereby helped in the least. That is not an offer that the Catholic Church could accept, for the Church has no doubt whatever about the invalidity of Anglican Orders. There is a suggestion to the contrary in the Memorandum presented "for" the Catholics, which can only be called mischievous. We read (p. 85): "L'Eglise Catholique prend toujours le

<sup>1</sup> See on the whole question, "Presbyter or Priest?" by S. F. Smith, S.J., *THE MONTH*, Nov. 1920.

parti le plus sûr en matière de sacrements. Elle réordonne ses propres prêtres et évêques des qu'il y'a une doute sérieuse sur l'exacte observation des rites traditionnels de ses ordinations. Ses précautions prudentes ne sont pas une manifestation de défiance à l'égard des personnes mais une mesure de sûreté en faveur des fidèles." This practice of the Church refers to conditional ordination, and is wholly inapplicable to the case of Anglicans, where there is no question of "l'exacte observation des rites traditionnels," but a certainty of the insufficiency of their rite itself. Anglican Orders are not doubtful; they are null and void. The Church has always acted as if they were, and Leo XIII. settled the matter, once for all. If the Church were now to admit Anglican clergymen to conditional ordination, that would imply that there *was* a doubt, and that Leo's condemnation was *not* definitive, *not* irreformable, as he himself declared it to be. To suggest—or to seem to suggest—that any doubt on the question still exists is no kindness to our separated brethren. It is only charitable—and it would save a great deal of misunderstanding and disappointment—to make it always quite clear that, whatever happens, the Church cannot go back upon Leo XIII's decision. She would stultify herself in doing so. What is the practical use of the power to declare infallibly what is necessary for valid Orders, if the Church can make a mistake in applying a decision to particular cases? What is the use of being able to say how valid Orders may be had, if she cannot tell us where they are? What is the use of being able to declare the requisite conditions for the validity of Orders if she cannot say where those conditions have been fulfilled and where not. How, finally, could the Church allow the conditional absolution of ex-Anglican clergymen, when that act would imply that for generations she has committed sacrilege in ordaining, without condition, scores of such men? The offer which the Anglican hierarchy are supposed to have made at Lambeth is evidence, certainly, of their goodwill, but also of their misunderstanding of traditional Catholic doctrine. We regret that such misunderstanding was not wholly removed at Malines.

W. A. SPENCE.

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## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### The Death of Archbishop Keating.

In the prime of his intellectual vigour the Archbishop of Liverpool has been unexpectedly taken to his reward. "God doth not need either man's work or His own gifts," yet who can measure, humanly speaking, the loss to Catholicism in England by the death of this great prelate? None who met Archbishop Keating or read his various utterances could fail to be impressed by the spiritual force of his character. As a Bishop he was of the

lineage of Manning, combining a keen insight into the social problems of the day with a clear directness of expression, which made his every Pastoral and his public speeches valuable guides to public opinion. Like the Good Shepherd "he had compassion on the multitude," and, long before the war emphasized the flaws in our social structure, he was active in advocating the rights of the working and destitute classes. We trust that, as a minor monument to his memory and a means of perpetuating his influence, a collection of his letters and discourses on social subjects may be edited in the near future. His interest in these matters led him, while still Bishop of Northampton, to give his full encouragement to the Catholic Social Guild, an encouragement which was invaluable to that timely, important, yet often misunderstood and always poorly supported, organization. Early in its history he actually proposed and explained a possible Catholic social programme, and to several of the Guild's Year Books he contributed striking prefaces. Of late years, as is well known, besides being one of the Trustees of the Catholic Labour College at Oxford, he acted as its President. But no social work so aroused his zeal as did the cause of Catholic education and his frequent and emphatic insistence on Catholic rights in this matter has brought their practical recognition noticeably nearer. Like Cardinal Manning, he felt that the souls of the children, the hope of the future, were his chief care, but, unlike the great Cardinal in this, circumstances made it possible for him to set on foot the weighty project of a metropolitan cathedral, without in any way sacrificing their interests. He said more than once, half-jokingly, that that project, when fulfilled, would be a memorial to two Archbishops instead of to only one, and so, in all seriousness, it is destined to be. All Catholic England will pray that his desire to begin the work in the centenary year of Emancipation may yet find fruition.

**Influences  
Counteracting  
Peace.**

The robust common sense of the late Archbishop made him a strenuous advocate of the cause of international peace, and he used, on occasion, very strong expressions concerning the persistence of the war-mind amongst statesmen and publicists. That it persists abroad as well does not make it more tolerable at home. Everyone knows that, should there be another great war, it must be universal: everyone knows that it will be even more terrible and disastrous than the last; everyone knows that it will mean the collapse of civilization; yet the steps taken to retard or prevent its coming are only few, hesitating and intermittent. One would have thought that the first care of every Government would be to see that the true character of war should be put before the coming generations, who can now know of it only by hearsay. But, speaking for this country, little is being done in the State schools to

teach the young that war is a reversal to barbarism, a breakdown in civilization, a desperate remedy for a monstrous moral disease, and, outside school, the Government is actually co-operating with film manufacturers in exploiting the tragedy and horror of the late conflict for money. The fact was elicited in Parliament the other day that Government departments had helped, or were helping, with men and materials, in the production of over a score of films, representing phases of the Great War and, from the nature of the case, emphasizing the glory and the romance of it, rather than its brutalizing and sordid aspects. We do not deny the historical usefulness of such films in bringing before the stay-at-home adult, who *can* discriminate, what is involved in warfare, even for a just cause. But the cinema is also frequented by the young and impressionable, who are thus habituated to the idea of war as a normal incident in international relations, and the growth of an enlightened public opinion in favour of civilized intercourse is gravely impeded. We trust that the action of the Foreign Secretary, in publicly refusing to attend a film in which the pathetic execution of Nurse Cavell is the main incident, may do something to check this reckless perpetuation of the war-spirit. Yet we fear that the union of Mammon and Mars will prove, as ever, almost irresistible. So long as the film producers can get soldiers and battleships cheaply, and so long as the resulting military propaganda stimulates recruiting, the unholy alliance is likely to continue.

**Fomenters  
of the  
War Spirit.**

There is a great want of foresight in all this matter. War will be ended, we are told, only when the public opinion of the world recognizes its folly and its futility, yet whilst little is done in each country to teach this lesson as it should be taught, those whose trade is war are encouraged to work incessantly for its development. No public man, as far as we know, has denounced the private traffic in armaments which keeps war alive in China and elsewhere, although public control of that traffic is an avowed part of the League of Nations policy. And no consideration beyond the narrowest professional interest seems to sway the utterances of many of the fighting men. For one Field-Marshal Robertson, saying: "War is a wholly detestable thing, as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished,"—we have a dozen or so prominent soldiers and sailors proclaiming its "inevitability," and thereby doing all they can to make it inevitable. Several years ago General Branker, of the Air Force, said to an audience of the Y.M.C.A. (of all people!)—"In five years time, instinct tells me, there will be another war."<sup>1</sup> The other day, Field-Marshal Birdwood, Commanding in India, assured his Gurkhas that "World-peace has not yet dawned. The last war has yet to be

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, April, 1926.

fought. When and where the next war will be fought none can tell, but this I can confidently say, that it will find the Gurkhas ready,"—and so on with the usual military clap-trap. And we must not forget that bluff sailor, Rear-Admiral Plunkett, of the United States Navy, who, on January 21st, is reported to have addressed the Republican Club as follows: "If you don't want war, creep into a hole and die like a worm. But be reassured, no such ignoble fate awaits you. War is inevitable. Mark my words, gentlemen, inevitable." And, being pressed for a reason of the hope that was in him, he instanced the ever-growing economic competition with Great Britain. These are specimens of irresponsible English-speaking war-mongers. But such purblind folk flourish equally well in Germany, Italy, France. And yet it is clearer than the noon-day sun that another war can only accentuate the wrongs and miseries which the late war could not remove, and leave an even greater crop of problems than those we painfully face to-day.

**The Dyer's Hand.** At the same time we must recognize in fairness that it is only the exceptionally broadminded soldier that can rise above the atmosphere of

his profession and recognize that, at best, war is justified only as an ultimate, desperate and precarious means of securing what is an essential good, peace. The ordinary professional fighters are in much the same case as artists would be if, equipped with all the tools of their profession and taught its theory to the last detail, they were yet debarred by circumstances from ever reducing their knowledge to practice. They must needs find it hard to be content with a negative rôle, preserving their country from danger by their mere potential valour and skill—scarecrows, if so unworthy an image be permitted, who save the crops merely by their formidable appearance. They would rather fill the rôle of the perambulatory farmer with a loaded gun. And so we must be prepared for—and utterly discount—belligerent utterances from the fighting profession as a whole. What is far less excusable is the existence of the Jingo journalist, who abounds in every land and who exploits a sort of bastard patriotism in order to make his paper exciting—and saleable. Against him and his tribe, moulders and misleaders of public opinion, the Christian peace-lover must incessantly fight, for their spirit is anti-Christian, wholly opposed to the boundless charity of the Redeemer. But there is some excuse for the soldier's warlike imaginings. If only the statesmen, whilst using their experts to gain exact knowledge, would conduct disarmament negotiations without any further help from them, and remember that their peoples want peace beyond all else, some good might come from their conferences. Yet they constantly declare that this or that military or naval force is necessary for "security," a term which connotes the existence of enemies bent on unjust aggression. The world is full of their plead-

ings and devices for peace by agreement and co-operation, whilst all the while they are providing by force for a security which only themselves can threaten. The Pope's remedy, progressive disarmament, which would leave the nations with the same relative strength, although it is the only plan which can ultimately produce security, seems too deep or too high for the combined wisdom of the Powers. They have not yet recognized that the greatest good of each, as of all, is peace, and that the greater the means of aggression the less is the world's security.

The Real Arbiters  
of  
Peace and War.

It does not need that all the nations should recognize this. The issues of war and peace lie with the great Powers, and amongst these it would seem that, if two, viz., Great Britain and the United States, were resolved to outlaw war, the thing could be done. If these two Powers would themselves undertake to reduce their armaments and threaten to boycott financially any nation that did not imitate them, armaments, the chief cause of insecurity, would be generally and drastically reduced. It follows that on America and Great Britain lies the chief responsibility for the persistence of war-preparations and the menace of war. The reason why these two Powers seem unable to come to an agreement is gradually becoming more clear. It is the common obstacle to every peaceful settlement—a concentration on individual needs and interests. Each party is so occupied with stating and urging its own case that it will not study and appraise the case of the other. The British case for a powerful navy can be stated with force and lucidity, and it is undoubted that this country has already reduced both its military and naval forces below its pre-war standards. Yet in even the more moderate American commentaries on the naval situation—we have in view particularly an able article in *The Commonweal* (Jan. 25th) entitled "Naval Policy or Naval Program?"—it is tacitly assumed, without any show of indignation, that this country is quite insincere in its professed desire for naval limitation, and that, for commercial ends, it is always secretly manœuvring for supremacy at sea. Again, it is assumed over here that, the States being a self-supporting country, America does not really need a navy to safeguard its food supplies, whilst the fact that it also has world-wide commerce to protect is ignored. The truth is that, in spite of the frequent assurances on both sides that the possibility of war between the two nations may be ruled out, it is *not* ruled out, because each looks on the other as a commercial rival, and neither is content to compete with the other in the only fair way, viz., by producing better goods. What both peoples need to ponder over is whether the peace of the world, which they alone can bring about, is not a greater good even in the material order than any particular advantage which either can secure by the possession of greater force.

**The British  
Memorandum on  
Security.**

It is the right of a democracy, which is supposed to be government in accordance with the will of the people, or with public opinion, to criticize freely the actions of whatever Government for the moment represents it. In the exercise of that right much criticism has been exercised upon the Memorandum on Security which the British Government, as have the other Powers concerned, despatched to Geneva for the consideration, on February 20th, of the new Security Sub-Committee set up last September. It is generally felt that the Memorandum errs through excess of caution: in its desire to prevent the League from failing through overhaste, it puts the brake down with such emphasis that any progress, on its principles, would be hardly possible. For it refuses, on the double ground of the uncertainty of the future and different characters of the world-states, to apply all round the sound canons on which the Locarno Treaty was based: it will not sign the Optional Clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice (consenting to accept the decision of that Court on legal cases in which it is involved) because it is afraid that Parliament would not always agree with adverse verdicts: it will not refer other (non-justiciable) cases to arbitration, rather than to the hazard of war, because of the difficulty of defining the aggressor. The feeling behind this reluctance is no doubt an uncertainty about the attitude of the other members of the Commonwealth and a natural misgiving about recognizing an International Court, before the Code of International Law, which must include maritime law, has been completely drafted. Yet France and Germany have both pledged themselves to send legal cases to the Court and non-legal to arbitration, whilst the difficulty of defining an aggressor-state may be easily solved by putting all states in that category which do not, in accordance with the Covenant, refer their disputes to mediation and impartial enquiry before resorting to the arbitrament of war. The tax-paying citizens of the various states see no sign of excessive haste in the League.

**The Example  
of  
Germany.**

From being the foremost opponent of the Peace idea, as her conduct at the pre-war Hague Conferences made manifest, Germany has now, both voluntarily and by compulsion, gone furthest of the great Powers in its prosecution. Her armaments on land and water have been cut down to a police-force;—and incidentally it may be asked, why such a modest standard should be thought sufficient for her security, whereas other Powers fix their minimum so much higher?—she has bound herself by the Locarno treaties to respect the western frontier for all time and never to push her claims by war, she is paying her liabilities regularly under the Dawes plan, she has signed the Optional Clause of the Interna-

tional Court, and made innumerable treaties of arbitration and trade—from the League of Nations standpoint, she is a perfect model of a well-conducted post-war State. It is natural, therefore, that her people should resent the continued presence, at her heavy cost, of French and English soldiers on her soil. Legally, they may remain there till 1935, but what is lawful is not always expedient. What has France to gain in the way of security that is not provided by the Locarno Treaty, backed by the British guarantee? Nothing, but, on the contrary, the value of that treaty is apt to be discounted by the armed occupation. On the other hand, what a stimulus to good-will would be given by France if she voluntarily ceded her legal rights in this matter? The French "realists" say "occupation gives us physical control, whereas Locarno is only a paper guarantee,"—an argument worthy of a pre-war Prussian and cutting at the root of all international agreements. Unfortunately, the French realist can point to the post-war Prussian, not yet de-militarized, as reason for scepticism. Less than any other nation, naturally enough, has our neighbour got rid of the war-mind. We Catholics can see that in the success amongst the faithful of the "Action Française," the main political tenet of which was hatred of Germany. So M. Briand, who has worked hitherto so successfully for peace, has to move slowly. Happily, economic intercourse between Germany and France is daily growing more close. There is a far-reaching commercial treaty between the two nations: industries in the two countries are being amalgamated; and German capital and part-control are actually welcomed for the development of French colonies. When Mammon is thus arrayed against Mars, Peace may yet come to her own.

**German Coalition  
dissolved  
on Religious Issue.**

It is a pity in these circumstances that domestic differences have broken up the German Government, and especially that the split should have occurred on a religious question. One had hoped that the Republic would have been at least as considerate to Catholics and to conscience as was the Empire. The Weimar Constitution, indeed, provides for entire liberty of conscience and equality between all denominations, but, whereas the Centre Party, supported by other religious bodies, has endeavoured to secure that education should be denominational, the People's Party, Herr Stresemann at their head, stood out for merely secular training, and has thus brought the Coalition to an end. Under the old régime, "concurrent endowment"—provision for the teaching of religion in all State- and rate-aided schools,—had brought religious peace to Germany. The new Reich will only retard its general recovery if it tries to supplant this, the only reasonable system in a State of mixed religions, by a scheme favoured by doctrinaire liberalism.

**Condonation of  
Mexican  
Persecution.**

In the nature of things Canada, with a Catholic population of 40 per cent., has a keener interest in the Mexican situation than has the United States, but the feelings of its Catholic citizens has not prevented the Canadian Government, any more than the States, from entering gratuitously into friendly relations with the blood-stained despot that has usurped the Government of Mexico. The facts concerning Calles' attempt to abolish Catholicism in that Catholic country cannot be hid. The Mexican Hierarchy has proclaimed them, and their exposition has been echoed by the Hierarchy of the States. The Pope himself has denounced the persecution, *urbi et orbi*, in an Encyclical, and also has availed himself of the services of a Catholic editor, Mr. Michael Williams of *The Commonweal*, to appeal to the secular press to make the facts known.<sup>1</sup> Yet in America and here the secular press maintains a sinister silence regarding the real meaning of the Mexican misrule. Neither American nor Canadian Catholics desire or demand active intervention on behalf of their persecuted brethren, but they have a right to expect a suspension of political and commercial intercourse with a ruler whose policy is an outrage on humanity. With exemplary patience the Mexican Bishops began the New Year by again appealing to the President to grant justice to Catholics, and perhaps the Pan-American Conference may, before it separates, succeed in mitigating the reign of terror.

**Another Attack on  
the  
Marriage Bond.**

It is satisfactory to know that there is still enough decent feeling in the country to secure the banishing from one reputable paper of advertisements from an organization that advocates artificial sterility. It is something, although a long way from making such advocacy, as it should be made, a criminal offence. For other reputable papers, alas! do not show the same sensitiveness to moral issues as does the *Morning Post*, but continue to advertise books recommending that pernicious practice. It is rarely indeed that the secular press shows any sense of social and moral evil connected with this propaganda: some day it may be rare to find it condemned from the Bench. Already we have had judicial pronouncements in favour of euthanasia, and sterilization of the "unfit"; and lately a judge of the High Court has blamed, not for the first time, wives who refuse to set an erring husband free, so that he may crown his infidelity by "marrying" the partner of his guilt. This judge looks forward to the time when the Divorce Court may at discretion turn a plea for legal separation into one for dissolution of marriage, so as to throw a veil of legality over an adulterous union. He conceived it to be an obligation in

<sup>1</sup> See *THE MONTH* for November, 1927, p. 444: also *The Commonweal*, February 1, 1928.

charity on the innocent partner to condone the breach of contract on the part of the guilty, and, in the case referred to, he went so far as to reproach the offended wife for desiring to punish her husband by refusing him liberty. That, indeed, was her avowed desire, for she said she had no religious objection to divorce. If her feeling towards her husband amounted to actual ill-will, no Catholic could defend her motive, but what she did was objectively right. Infidelity is prevalent because it is so generally condoned by legal divorce: it is all to the good that sometimes at least the sinner should feel the natural penalty of his misdeed. We trust the legislature, which has already refused to do so, will never allow judges to compel the unwilling to accept divorce.

"Scientists" at  
War.

The despised theologian may be forgiven a smile as he contemplates a number of "scientists" exhibiting those qualities of credulity, obscurantism and prejudice which used currently to be thought his own exclusive characteristics. The exhibition has been occasioned by the so-called antiquities discovered at Glozel, near Vichy, in the heart of France, the authenticity of which has been vehemently disputed for the past year or so by French scientific men, some of whom refuse to accept the negative verdict of a Commission set up by the International Institute of Anthropology which issued its Report last December 23rd. M. Salomon Reinach, author of "Orpheus" (a sort of French counterpart to Frazer's "Golden Bough") is prominent amongst the recalcitrants, and incidentally gives the measure of his own trustworthiness in his religious researches, by his obstinate adherence to exploded theories. The Commission found that the remains, consisting of a jumble of bones, inscribed vases and pebbles, stone and bone tools, etc., were modern and that there were traces of their having been recently deposited. Ignoring their report M. Reinach wrote to *The Times* (February 2nd) to deprecate disbelief in the genuineness of the "finds," and quoted, as on his side, some "20 men with a reputation to lose," French savants, members of the Institute. With dogged persistence he argued that the strange mixture of cultures found in the same strata, ranging from the Reindeer Period to the Age of Metals, only showed the necessity of revising our prehistoric values. "Are the results hitherto reached by prehistorians," he asks with fine scorn, "to be accepted as Gospel words? If so, let us study theology, not archæology." Alas, for M. Reinach and the 20 reputations! Sir Arthur Evans, the Cretan explorer, pointed out (*Times*, February 17th) that "the chief technician of M. Reinach's own museum . . . has shown that the cylindrical borings of the stone implements have been executed by steel tools, the engraving equally executed by metal points and that the finished surfaces of the stone axe-blades bear the undoubted scratchings of metal files." Not since the break-up of the Society

upon the Stanislaw has there been such a débâcle. Glozel may now take its stand alongside Bathybius as a warning to unscientific "scientists." No wonder that the French Committee on Prehistoric Monuments has hastened to request the Minister of Education to remove Glozel from "the category of a prehistoric site."

**Gifts to  
the  
Nation.**

"What has posterity done for us?" is the query that is naturally aroused by the news that a wealthy man has given the Government half-a-million pounds, to accumulate at compound interest and to be finally used in liquidation of the National Debt. The overburdened taxpayer will be an altruist, indeed, if he finds comfort in the thought that in a hundred years some 65 million pounds, about one-twelfth of the amount, will thus be available for that purpose. Of course, if the hope of the donor is realized, and many others follow his example, a voluntary levy of this sort will bring relief much nearer. But these great splashes, unfortunately, do not create large or prolonged ripples. *The Times* recalls that in 1919 Mr. Baldwin gave to the nation in extinction of debt, £120,000, one-fifth of his estate. Two others only, comparatively poor men, made similar gifts under the stimulus of that example. On this occasion also two further gifts, to be added to the half-million, have received the grateful acknowledgments of the Chancellor of the Exchequer,—one of £100 and the other of 10s. ! So far, therefore, only one member, presumably, of the *bourgeoisie* and one of the working-class have felt the inspiration of the millionaire's generosity, and acted upon it.<sup>1</sup> The idea of benefiting a remote generation evidently does not appeal to many. Or perhaps the risk, in view of the possibilities of the future—war, revolution, natural catastrophes—effectually checks their impulse to give on such terms.

**Revision  
of the Revised  
Prayer Book.**

There have been no new features in the Anglican Assembly debates concerning the revision of the Revised, and Rejected, Prayer Book, which is to be submitted to the Houses of Convocation at the end of this month, and finally to the Assembly again at the end of April before passing to its ordeal in Parliament. The same doctrinal differences, the same licence of opinion, the same ignorance of the Catholic faith, the same acquiescence in heresy, that marked the debates of a year ago have been apparent in these later discussions. And all these qualities characterize the floods of letters to the press wherein the members of this strange organism assail each other's opinions, each abounding in his own sense. The Book has passed the three Houses by much the same majorities as before. The alterations made by the Bishops, on the assumption that all that the Commons wanted was a clearer explanation of the meaning of the revision, have been accepted. The House of

<sup>1</sup> Another £100 and several smaller sums have since been acknowledged.

Laity paid no attention to the plaintive appeal made through *The Times* (January 28th) by the Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. E. A. Burroughs, D.D., to give the Bishops a lead in the matter. "What the Bishops need most now," said this Pastor to his flock, "is not acquiescence in their suggested amendments, but some clear expression of the mind of the Church as a whole on such matters as Perpetual Reservation. And for this they have a right to look more particularly to the elected lay representatives of the Church." We have often called attention to this renunciation of the teaching office by the pastorate which is so characteristic of a Church without authority. However, the laity have given the Bishops no clear lead on this occasion, and they have had to take their guidance from the House of Commons. It remains to be seen whether that body will be sufficiently placated by the accentuation of the Book's Protestantism conveyed by the changes.

#### Anglicanism

#### New Thing.

A sermon preached at Cambridge by the Bishop of Durham on January 29th is worth a few words of comment as a practical if unconscious repudiation of the Continuity of Anglicanism with the pre-Elizabethan Church. What his Lordship described as "the essence of the English Reformation" certainly entered in no way into the composition of the Catholic Church in this land, and if a thing is essentially changed, it ceases to exist as what it was. The English Reformation, according to the Bishop, introduced two novelties—"the supreme authority of Scripture in the Church, and the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the King in the State." And he goes on to admit that "the conditions under which alone [these essential changes] could be reconciled with the historic religion were not immediately apparent." The lapse of time, we may assure the Bishop, has not made them more evident, for contradictories can never be reconciled. Appositely comes the Lenten Pastoral of the Cardinal Archbishop to declare with logical directness "what happened at the Reformation"—the illegal deprivation by the civil authority of the Catholic ecclesiastical hierarchy and the substitution for them by the same authority of another set of "Bishops," invalidly consecrated. Though entering into the possessions of the ancient Church, this new organization was a lay body from the beginning and lay it has remained throughout the centuries. It is the creature and it remains the servant of the civil Power, however Bishops may assert its "spiritual independence." The Anglican hierarchy had their chance, when the Book was rejected, of proving that independence. They chose instead the safer path: they would defer to the Commons' desire for further assurance that the Reformation was not being betrayed, but they would make no doctrinal alteration in the Book. "They nailed their flag to the mast," as the *Church Times* cruelly said, "but they nailed it at half-mast."

The Altruism  
of  
"The Trade."

The near advent of the Budget and the approaching General Election are as usual reflected in the large and costly advertisements from the liquor-trade which fill our newspapers. The advertisements themselves furnish an interesting study in the nature of camouflage. The distillers want a greater consumption of whisky and, with that object, a reduced duty on their product. But they don't say so. All their concern is the supposed welfare of others. The Farming and other Allied Interests are damaged by the high duty: the Poor are prevented from exercising hospitality by the high duty: the Tax-payer is heavily burdened and may resent it, but the far more numerous class of voters who pay no taxes resent the high duty much more. And then comes the climax—"The Government that Reduces the Whisky Tax will be a Popular Government." And yet there are people who say that the cynical motto—"Our Trade, our Politics"—is a libel on a well-conducted industry! It was the short-sighted selfishness of the liquor-traffic that brought about its legal suppression in the United States by the desperate instrument of Prohibition. It is the mixture of menace and bribery conveyed in such advertisements that strengthens the hand of Prohibitionists here.

A  
Literary Jubilee.

Fifty years ago there appeared for the first time in THE MONTH's Table of Contents a name which has rarely been absent from it in the interval. In THE MONTH for March, 1878, Fr. Herbert Thurston, not yet, of course, a priest, published a paper on "Teutonic English and its Debasers," the first of an innumerable host of articles, covering a vast range of subjects and distinguished always by wide research and accurate scholarship. His investigations have not infrequently led him to discredit long-accepted views on various matters, but it would be wholly wrong to regard his genius as merely destructive. His aim has ever been in the first place to seek out and establish the truth, and no one can regard the preliminary dissipation of error as anything but a positive achievement. All those who have crossed swords with him must acknowledge that his invariable observance of the courtesies of the *salle d'armes* does not make his onset less formidable. This, however, is not the time and place for a full appreciation,—long may the occasion for that be deferred,—only it seems right, on this literary golden jubilee, that THE MONTH should acknowledge that whatever consideration it may meet in learned circles is largely due to the writings of its oldest contributor. The present issue bears witness to the unabated vigour of his pen, and we trust that our readers will join us in the prayer that it may long continue its strenuous work for truth.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Church, Our Mother** the [A. Tenneson in *Revue Apologétique*, Feb. 1928, p. 129].

**Eastern Church, Relations of, with Rome before the Photian Schism** [L. Bréhier in *Documentation Catholique*, Feb. 18, 1928 p. 387].

**Mass Stipends: History of** [Rev. J. A. Shields in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Feb. 1928, p. 125].

**Mysticism? What is** [Dom J. Chapman in *Downside Review*, Jan. 1928, p. 1].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**"Action Française"** exposed [*Tablet*, Feb. 11, 1928, p. 174].

**Anglican "Comprehensiveness"** really Ignorance of Truth [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1928, p. 256].

**Anti-Catholicism of the XIX Century** exposed [*Tablet*, Feb. 11, 1928, p. 175].

**"Children's Encyclopedia"** dangerous for Catholics [Rev. G. W. Turley quoted in *Glasgow Observer*, Feb. 11, 1928, p. 3; *Catholic Times*, Feb. 10, 1928, p. 4].

**Darwinism, Difficulties and Contradictions of** [J. A. M. Richey in *Catholic World*, Feb. 1928, p. 620].

**Hill, Mr. Justice, advocates Divorce** [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Catholic Times*, Feb. 3, 1928, p. 11].

**Houtin, ex-Abbé, calumniates Catholicism** [Fr. Vassall-Phillips in *Universe*, Jan. 27, 1928, p. 11].

**Mexican Martyr: the execution of Fr. Miguel Pro, S.J.** [*Commonweal*, Feb. 8, 1928, p. 1032].

**Non-Catholic Mind, The** [E. Ashby in *Catholic Gazette*, Feb. 1928, p. 37].

**Pre-Reformation England wholly Catholic** [Mgr. Howlett against Prof. Whitney, quoted in *Catholic Times*, Feb. 10, 1928, p. 16].

**Russia's war against Religion** [*Tablet*, Feb. 4, 1928, p. 142].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Catholic Regions of U.S.A.** [Dr. Ryan in *Dublin Review*, Jan. 1928, p. 122].

**Christianity's use of pre-Christian cults** [Prof. Windle in *Homiletic Review*, Feb. 1928, p. 469].

**Denmark, The Faith in** [*Catholic Woman's Outlook*, Jan. 1928, p. 33].

**"Pithecanthropus"** acknowledged by its discoverer not to be human [Rev. F. Vroom, S.J., in *Tablet*, Feb. 11, 1928, p. 190].

**Scotus, In Defence of Duns** [L. J. Walker, S.J., in *Dublin Review*, Jan. 1928, p. 46].

**Spiritualism, Modern, examined** [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1928, p. 208].

# REVIEWS

## I—THE MIND<sup>1</sup>

SOME of the best or the most representative modern thought on the nature of the mind is contained in this volume. It consists of a series of lectures given at King's College, London, by London and Oxford professors. After reading them, one is left wondering what the audience carried away with them at the end of the course. Almost every kind of view was given in it, and naturally they often cancel each other out. The first, by Professor Julian Huxley, is full of interesting information, but it is singularly perverse. He is determined to show continuity running throughout life from the lowest to the highest. To proceed otherwise, he says, is irrational. In truth, it is his procedure which is irrational. To get over the more than apparent breaks in continuity he assumes that mind must be present from the beginning,—that is, mind is present despite all evidence, in the jellyfish and the sponge. These lowest forms he calls "mind-like," after hesitating over a new name, "mentoids." He then proceeds to whistle up more mind the higher he mounts in the scale, and by using terms and phrases, such as, "learning," the "tradition" of horses and deer, he reaches what he calls the critical point where the monkey passes into the being who uses concepts, "such as purpose, duty, piety, truth, efficiency, holiness, beauty, self-sacrifice, honesty and the like." . .

Professor McDowall chooses the other horn of the dilemma and sets out to show that mind is nothing but a function of the nervous system. He uses the same kind of apparatus as Professor Huxley to show gradual evolution, but until the end he is content to remain a materialist. Personality for him is a complicated nervous system, and one person varies from another only through variation in the stimuli. Yet he can hope (!) that his audience will be stimulated to agree with him!

Dr. Aveling serves as a good corrective. He points out well that none of our information about the body or about nature can be judged save through the mind and after having settled what the mind is. It may be questioned, however, whether he has not stretched his argument too far by starting off as a solipsist; and again he has spent a long time drawing up certain laws of the mind, à la Spearman, which seem much ado about nothing. Dr. Hadfield, whose lecture was on Psychotherapy, is on the side of the angels, and he destroys part of the force of Mr. McDowall's arguments by pointing out that many mental states have no apparent bodily cause; and that mental shocks of certain kinds

<sup>1</sup> By various authors. Edited by R. J. S. McDowall. London: Longmans. Pp. xvi. 316. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

could not possibly have been produced by physical stimuli alone.

Professor Lindemann deals with Physics. Apparently he suggests that much of what is called physics is or may be subjective, —and he later treats the concept of causality in a very cavalier way, but, as with some other physicists, the strength of his conclusions depends upon the obscurity of his premisses. It is a relief to turn from him to Dr. Matthews, who gives a quiet and reasoned account of the attitude of the philosopher towards modern scientific theory. He shows that evolution demands mind as prior to it, and though he hints at idealism as being the only tenable theory of mind, he suggests at the end of his lecture that no solution to the modern problems of evolution can come without the admission of God and creation.

The remaining lectures are all interesting, but do not call for criticism. Particularly good is the final lecture by Professor Hobhouse on Sociology.

## 2—THE "TREASURY OF THE FAITH" SERIES<sup>1</sup>

AT a time when outside the Church Christianity is accepted either by a blind traditionalism or as a product of the mind working on experience, the popular presentment of the Catholic faith projected by Dr. George Smith, of St. Edmund's, in a series of thirty-six booklets averaging about ninety pages in length, comes most opportunely. For here is consistency, order, development, as befits the revelation of supernatural truth by Almighty God. Outside is chaos and confusion, a constant shifting of position and view, affecting even the fundamental facts of the nature of the Deity and of human relations towards Him, and pursued to such an extent that an Anglican bishop, trying to justify his sect, once all but blasphemously declared that "it has pleased God to break up His Church into fragments and apparently to give a different mission to each part." (Archbishop Benson in 1908.) Catholic Theology does more honour to Him who was born to bear witness to the Truth, and, although recognizing that the revelation of the infinite must abound in mystery and apparent antinomies, holds that what the human mind can comprehend of God and His ways must not contradict God-given reason, nor issue in doubt or absurdity. Only one-sixth of the series has as yet been published—*An Outline of Catholic Teaching* (No. 2) by the General Editor, the Rev. G. D. Smith, D.D.; *God the Creator* (No. 6) by the Rev. B. V. Miller, Ph.D., D.D.; *Jesus Christ, Model of Manhood* (No. 12) by the Most Rev. Archbishop Goodier; *Mary, Mother of God* (No. 15) by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R.; *The Sacramental System* (No. 21) by the Rev. C. C.

<sup>1</sup> Thirty-six Handbooks containing an exposition of Catholic Doctrine. Edited by Dr. G. D. Smith of Old Hall. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. about 90 each. Price, 1s. and 2s.

Martindale, S.J.; *Christian Marriage* (No. 30) by Rev. E. J. Mahoney, D.D. A few words on each will suffice to show how far the series succeeds in its aim to expound and demonstrate the belief of Catholics.

Dr. Smith wisely begins with a conspectus of the whole field—The Trinity, Creation, Fall, Redemption, the Church on earth and in Heaven, Reprobation—an outline which is filled in by the other booklets, but which serves to show how they are all related. Dr. B. V. Miller, in No. 6, has to deal in his argument with the question of evolution and shows how, in view of the facts, the Catholic attitude is reasonable. In No. 12, Archbishop Goodier, with a consummate knowledge of the Gospel narrative, treats of one aspect, the ascetical, of the Incarnation—Christ the Way. It is an eloquent study of the character of our Lord as the perfect Man, perfect yet imitable in their degree by the sinful and the imperfect, worthy of the praise and love and service of all mankind. Here we learn what in practice it means to be a Christian. Fr. Vassall-Phillips, in No. 15, accurately states the place of our Blessed Lady in the scheme of salvation and shows how it is due to the Divinity of her Son. Fr. Martindale has a congenial theme in *The Sacramental System* (No. 21), treating the subject historically as well as doctrinally, and showing what a fullness it gives to life. Finally, the practical importance of Dr. Mahoney's *Christian Marriage* (No. 30) can hardly be exaggerated. Slowly but surely the permission of divorce outside the Church is dissolving the structure of society which can be saved only by a return to the Church's conception of the Sacrament. What that conception is and how reasonable and right it proves, Dr. Mahoney sets forth, clearly and fully.

We trust that no undue delay will occur before the rest of the series appears. In the list of subjects treated we have looked in vain for any book on the Scriptures. In our opinion, that is too vast a subject and too important to be treated incidentally under some other head, and we hope the editor will make provision for its separate inclusion.

### 3—BATTLES LONG AGO<sup>1</sup>

THE Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge takes the precaution of printing, on a fly-leaf of Miss Petre's biography, a Note to the effect that it does not agree with the point of view from which the book is written, but that it publishes it "in the hope that it will contribute to the cause of Christian Reunion." We have not discovered through reading the book on what grounds that hope is based: its most likely effect would seem to be to fan again the ashes of old controversies and, to that extent, to further

<sup>1</sup> *The Ninth Lord Petre, or the Pioneers of Catholic Emancipation.* By M. D. Petre. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xvi. 334. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

disunion. For Miss Petre makes the personality and career of her distinguished ancestor a peg on which to hang an elaborate defence of the long-dead and discarded politico-religious theories of Cisalpinism. Those theories, which had their source in that perversion of nationalism which the Church Catholic has opposed from the start, have been analysed, described and discussed, once for all, in Bishop Ward's monumental volumes on Catholic Emancipation. All that can be said for the attitude of the Cisalpines, in recognition of their grievances, and in praise of their virtues, has been said with fine impartiality by the Bishop, who had access to all the relative documents and used them copiously. Whatever grounds might be urged by Catholics of those days, oppressed by the relics of the Penal Laws and anxious to regain their full rights as citizens, for minimizing the divine authority of the Pope, have all been swept away by the canons of the Vatican Council. Cisalpinism is now seen in its true light, as an incipient nationalistic heresy, and Miss Petre's efforts to revive sympathy with it must needs be vain. Apart from those efforts, there is not a little of interest in those sections in which she dwells on the history of her family, not concealing the time-serving character of several of its earlier members and rightly emphasizing the Catholic staunchness of the later, all of whom suffered in property on that account, whilst one, the fourth Baron, died in prison during the Titus Oates plot. Two things narrated of the ninth Lord Petre will especially interest her readers,—his entertaining George III. for two days at Thorndon, at the cost of over a thousand pounds, and his functioning for five years (1772-1777) as Grand Master of the English Freemasons. The date, of course, explains how this could be. The Papal condemnation of Freemasonry was not formally published in England till 1865.

We may congratulate ourselves that the causes of the dissensions which divided the Catholic body before Emancipation, and which, we hold, Miss Petre needlessly recalls in this biography, have almost wholly disappeared, and that we may celebrate the centenary of Emancipation, united in the belief that the more faithful we are as children of Rome the better shall we serve our country.

#### 4—THE DICTIONARY OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH progress is slow, the great *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, originally edited by the Abbé Vacant, then by Mangenot, and now by Professor E. Amann, still pursues its deliberate way. No doubt we ought not to be impatient. Good work entails much labour as well as careful revision. Moreover, Catholic undertakings of this nature are always somewhat handicapped by the requirements of ecclesiastical censorship.

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*. Edited by E. Amann. Fascicules 79 and 80. Paris: Letouzey et Ané. 1927.

But the fact remains that while more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since its inception, and although nine very stout volumes which average 1,200 pages (2,400 columns) each have already been published, the Dictionary still finds itself midway in the letter M. The last two fascicules which have reached us may without exaggeration be described as exceptionally important. Over and above the shorter biographical notices—the most noteworthy of which are Marcion, St. Marutha of Maiphercat and Marsilius of Padua—we have four substantial dissertations which deal respectively with "Marriage," "Mariology," the "Maronites," and "Martyrdom." The "Marriage" article, which runs to nearly three hundred closely printed columns, is in effect a complete theological treatise. No doubt, in accord with the general plan of the work, it had to be confined to strictly theological lines, but we are a little inclined to regret that space could not be found for a fuller consideration of the historical difficulties arising out of the action of the Holy See in exercising its powers of dispensation and annulment. There is a relatively short article on "Divorce" to be found in an earlier volume; and it is also possible that some attention may be paid to the subject later on under the heading "Nullité," but everyone must realize that under present conditions this is the aspect of the Catholic marriage problem which more especially provokes criticism. From a theological point of view, however, the contribution, which is divided between Messieurs Godefroy, Le Bras, and Jugie, is careful and well documented. The two first sections, which are concerned with the teaching of Holy Scripture and that of the Fathers, have been confided to M. l'Abbé Godefroy, Superior of the Grand Séminaire de Nancy; the third and longest, which covers the period of the schoolmen and the Council of Trent, has been undertaken by Professor Le Bras, of the University of Strasbourg, while the doctrine and practice of the Orthodox and other Oriental Churches has fallen to the lot of Père Jugie, of the Augustinians of the Assumption, now at Rome. Another very long article, that provided under the heading "Marie," has been entirely written by Père Dublanchy. His treatment seems adequate and sober, but naturally such a theme offers little scope for originality. "Maronites," in the very competent hands of Mgr. Tisseront, will supply much useful information to those who may have sought elsewhere in vain for a satisfactory account, historical and doctrinal, of this extremely interesting development of the primitive Syrian Church. Finally, it will be sufficient to commend to the notice of our readers the article "Martyrdom," by Père Hedde, O.P. It is excellent as far as it goes, but it might, we think, with advantage have been considerably longer. There are many questions, *v.g.*, that of the *libelli*, upon which much interesting information has become available in recent years.

## SHORT NOTICES.

### THEOLOGICAL.

**T**HE author of *What is Heresy?* (Murphy, Baltimore: \$1.50), Mr. G. M. Vizenzinovich, is evidently a man who has felt intensely the blessing of conversion to the Catholic Faith, and, by contrast, the evil of heresy in which he had long been steeped. Therefore, for the benefit of those who would see the light as he has seen it, he attacks the latter in a way quite his own. The volume contains a collection of probably every New Testament text that bears upon heresy, all arranged under headings carefully divided, and interspersed with the compiler's own comments and reflections. It is not a book to read; it is rather one of reference, which cannot but be of service to those engaged in the controversies of our times.

### BIBLICAL.

An admirable compilation whose character is described in its title—*Synopse des Quatres Evangiles en francais d'après la synopse grecque du R.P. M-J. Lagrange, O.P.* (Lecoffre: 18.00 fr.), by C. Lavergne, O.P.—will appeal to a far wider public than the work of which it forms an annotated translation. The Synopsis of Père Lagrange, though not, as some seem to think, the first Catholic Synopsis of the Gospels in Greek, represents the reasoned conclusions of one of the greatest of biblical scholars on a question with which he has been occupied for a lifetime. Many who cannot afford the beautiful but expensive original can now obtain the results of Père Lagrange's labours in this cheap and handy version. Indeed, we here possess the most important part of any commentary, viz., the translation.

### CANON LAW.

Father Prümmer, O.P., is well known as a competent Canonist. His *Manuale Juris Canonici* (Herder: 12.50 marks, in paper covers) is now in its 4th edition. Of the first edition dealing with the Code which came out in 1920 and of subsequent editions more than 9,000 copies have been sold. The method employed is that of a combination of paraphrase with short explanation. The explanation is based where possible on authoritative decisions. There is also reference to other writers on difficult or disputed points. The explanation of the Code, following its order by way of question and answer, is preceded by a long list of Canonists, ancient and modern, an introduction dealing with the meaning of *Jus* and the study of Canon Law, and a preliminary book treating of its sources. The book closes with a few examples of how the Sacred Penitentiary should be applied to and with an explanation of the terms found in its rescripts. For those who already have some knowledge of Canon Law, Father Prümmer's clear treatment will be found most useful, but it is doubtful whether beginners in the subject will find his conciseness always helpful. For instance, a word of explanation on "*casus occultus*" in C. 1045 § 3, and of "*baptizati in ecclesia*" in C. 1099, might reasonably be expected. It would have been well also to point out that parish priests who are Religious are to a certain degree subject, as such, to their Religious Superiors as well as to the local Ordinary. Desire to be brief has seemingly led Father Prümmer to apply to Religious the same restrictions as to the place of

confession which the Code applies only to nuns. There are several points wherein we cannot follow Father Prümmer, but they are of no great importance, and do not detract from the competence and skill with which the book is drawn up.

It was a happy idea to bring together the authoritative interpretations of those parts of the Code which since its publication have come from either the Commission for its interpretation, or from the Roman Congregations. This has been done by M. l'Abbé F. Cimetier, director of Saint Sulpice, in his **Pour étudier le Code du Droit Canonique** (Gabalda: 12.00 francs). The matter provided by the official pronouncements has been arranged in the order of the Code and will prove a boon to students. Every section is preceded by a very complete bibliography on that section, e.g., the Sacraments, while at the beginning is found a list of the works which deal with the whole of the Code.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

It is with something of a shock that we learn from Father John Gray's Preface to his translation of the authentic prayers of St. Gertrude and St. Mechtilde, which he calls **O Beata Trinitas** (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d. n.), that the well-known compilation of rhapsodical devotions, in which so many of us delighted in our youth as the authentic "Prayers of St. Gertrude," is a late seventeenth century production, having nothing to do with the two saints who flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth. Father Gray has edited and translated into English for the first time, the collection of prayers made from the writings of the saints by Dom A. Castel of Maredsous, and so provided a valuable addition to our devotional works.

Dr. P. D'Espiney is well known for his spiritual diagnoses and his researches into the border-line between spirit and matter. Hence the plea for possible self-control, which he voices in **La Psychothérapie de Dr. Vittoz** (Téqui: 2.00 fr.), in direct opposition to the school of necessary self-indulgence, will be found exceptionally valuable.

We have had recent episcopal assurance that in the English Church the devout layman can "consecrate" as effectively as the "ordained" priest. We have never doubted that: Anglicanism is wholly a lay organization. But there is a sense even in Catholicism in which the faithful may take part in the action of the Mass, and that sense has been fully and clearly developed by M. l'Abbé Grimaud in his volume addressed "Aux Fidèles" and entitled "**Ma**" **Messe** (Téqui: 9.00 fr.). A full realization of the treasures of the Mass and how they can be best appropriated is not common amongst us, and the Abbé shows how grave a defect this is and how it can be remedied.

#### LITURGICAL.

In good time for Lent has been published, under the effective editorship of Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B., a new explanatory issue of **Holy Week: the complete Offices in Latin and English** (Herder: 1s., 1s. 6d., and 4s., according to binding). It is in the same format as *My Missal*, and, with the full and clear Introduction and Notes of the learned Abbot, it forms an ideal book for its purpose.

#### HISTORICAL.

The romance of the mission-field colours all the narrative in which the Right Rev. Bishop Gogarty, C.S.Sp., describes his East African

Vicariate, which takes its name, as does his book, from the great mountain, **Kilima-njaro** (S.P.F., New York: \$1.00). The Vicariate occupies the northern part of what used to be German East Africa, and the district suffered not a little in the war. Bishop Gogarty shows that, as the whole of the East African coast was well known to the ancients, the Christianization of his mission began in the first centuries of the Faith, but it was not till 1911 that this particular Vicariate was created. His story, which is partly historical, partly descriptive of his own experiences, reveals the hardships which mere travel involves in these unexplored lands, and abounds in adventures. Moreover, it is a valuable contribution to ethnology and other sciences, for he describes in great detail the manners and customs of the various tribes, and also the fauna and flora of his district. The Church is now solidly founded, and already a Seminary for native students, the hope of the future, is in occupation on the slopes of the mountain. The book is plentifully illustrated.

A most timely book, calculated to rectify a public opinion largely misinformed, is Mr. Leo Ward's **The Condemnation of the "Action Francaise,"** which forms No. VI. of Messrs. Sheed and Ward's excellent "Twelvepenny Series." Within its 80 odd pages it contains a general survey of the crisis, reprinted from our January issue, supplemented by further chapters, giving the various *pièces justificatives* from the writings of prominent members of the A.F., the criticisms which they met with from French Catholics, and, finally, saying how the Holy See has dealt with the matter. It will be inexcusable, henceforward, if any honest person of intelligence—be he newspaper editor or journalist—should fail to see that Rome was bound to condemn this attempt "to de-Christianize Catholicism," and that the official action was as patient and forbearing as the circumstances demanded. And let us hope that this full exposure of the evil influence of nationalist politics on Christian faith may prove a standing object-lesson to Catholics everywhere not to render to Cæsar—under the cloak of patriotism—the things that are God's.

Hard on the heels of Mr. Ward's booklet comes a much more exhaustive appraisal of the whole situation by an equally competent observer, Mr. Denis Gwynn,—**The "Action Francaise" Condemnation** (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d.). Mr. Gwynn, by analysing the teaching of M. Maurras and exposing the civic and ethical ideals which it attacks, enables us to understand why Catholics have been content that he should fight their battles. The evils thus assailed in the political and moral spheres are real and gigantic: the Government of France for a long time back has been in the hands of men ignorant of or hostile to what was best in her traditions. Maurras has aimed at opposing to the corruption of democracy the opposite principle, misinterpreted and carried itself to a vicious un-Catholic extreme. Catholics have welcomed his triumphs of destruction without altogether realizing the character of his weapons. Whilst fully justifying the condemnation of the movement by detailing what brought about that condemnation, Mr. Gwynn does not hesitate to question the tact of some of the earlier methods of checking it, but once the A.F. had shown the cloven hoof by adopting an attitude of defiance in regard to the Holy See, the latter had no choice but to proceed to extremities. The result has been the purging

of Catholicism in France of an element of discord and division and consequently a strengthening of the Catholic forces. For the A.F. has been mortally wounded, though it is dying with a good deal of noise.

The reader of Mr. Christopher Hollis's *The American Heresy* (Sheed and Ward: 8s. 6d. n.) must acquaint himself from other sources with the details of the American Revolution and the Civil War, if he would fully appreciate the author's brilliant analysis of the ideals behind the evolution of the United States. Such knowledge presupposed, one can enjoy the subtle character-dissection to which Mr. Hollis subjects four American Presidents—Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln and Wilson, selected as the best exponents of his thesis. This thesis—the “American heresy”—is that the principles of liberty and equality, divorced from the control of revealed religion, cannot survive. Because Jefferson based his proclamation of liberty and equality on a barren rationalism —“We hold these truths to be self-evident,” etc.—instead of on the dogmas of revelation, men have interpreted them as they pleased, with the result that nowhere is reasonable liberty so interfered with, and nowhere is the radical equality of men so ignored, as in the States. The American “has allowed a tenth-rate, sectarian, police-regulation to be imported into his Constitution.” The American is governed by millionaires for millionaires. The change came about, according to Mr. Hollis, when the industrial North imposed its ideals on the agricultural South, but we cannot here pursue his argument at length, sustained, as it is, by a minute knowledge of historical literature and enlivened by a constant flow of epigram. There are dangers, of course, in this method of selective commentary. Mr. Hollis makes no secret of his intense dislike of President Wilson, and paints such a picture of arrogant egotism and blind incompetence, that one is left wondering how the late President could ever have risen to his exalted rank. We must leave his vindication, if it be possible, to his own countrymen, who, we think, will be broad-minded enough to appreciate, enjoy and profit by Mr. Hollis's friendly, if pungent, criticism. They are used to foreigners recording,—they even invite foreigners to record, with or without “a certain condescension,”—their impressions of the States. They harbour many severe critics at home. This criticism, based throughout upon Catholic principles, although warped by not a little outspoken prejudice, will possibly strike a new and arresting note.

#### SOCIOLOGICAL.

Amongst the well-known publications of Father Hermann Muckermann on sociological and biological problems of modern society, his latest—*Ehe und Familie im Gottesreich* (Herder: 2.50 m.),—a little book on the position of the family in the Kingdom of God, is perhaps the most helpful, exalting as it does the dignity and worth of a pure family life according to the standard of natural ethics and the ideals of the supernatural economy. The close association of the ethical aspects with biological factors, on which the author insists throughout, shows the fatal fallacy of those who aim at separating them, as do Neo-Malthusians.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

One sees in *L'Abbé Claude Bouvier (1866–1914)* (Gabalda: 18.00 fr.), by M. Henri Bouvier and Abbé H. Hemmer, the history of the French Church of our time, reflected in the letters and speeches of an active and

zealous priest, engaged all his life through in Catholic education. He came into intimate contact with several of the leaders of French thought although he never quitted his obscure but useful employment for anything more conspicuous. His friends have done wisely in allowing this highly-endowed soul to reveal itself mainly by letters. Besides some historical and apologetic studies, his literary activities were directed mainly towards furthering the work of priestly vocations, and his position as professor and director of sodalities gave him additional opportunities to prosecute the same aim. He died at his post in the first months of the war.

A fuller impression of the same worthy priest may be gained from **L'Education Sacerdotale** (Gabalda: 18.00 fr.) which has been compiled from his own essays, retreat notes, articles and letters, and prefaced by an Introduction by Abbé Klein. It is meant to give parents a right idea of the call to the ministry, and to exhibit to those, so called, some of the difficulties, privileges and consolations of their state.

An eminent Doctor is the subject of a sympathetic study in the series "Les Moralistes Chrétiens," published by Gabalda (Paris). The Abbé Gustave Bardy, in the little work before us, **Clément d'Alexandrie** (15 francs) has given us a short sketch of the career of this remarkable writer, and justifies by numerous extracts his inclusion among the great moralists of the early Church. The interest of Clement's treatment both of moral and philosophical problems lies in his wide acquaintance with the philosophy of his own learned age and country and with the whole history of Greek thought. The interactions of Christian dogma and ancient thought can be studied to advantage in a writer who was so well furnished in literature and philosophy and, at the same time, a recognized authority in theology.

In the same series, M. Emile Thouverez deals with the spiritual and moral writings of Pierre Nicole, a seventeenth century author, who deserves to be more widely studied than he has been hitherto. His connection with Port Royal and his friendship with Pascal and Bossuet will help to "place" him for the general reader. He was a collaborator with Arnauld in the famous Port Royal "Logic," and he took his share in the tempestuous controversies of the time. The extracts in this volume (**Pierre Nicole**, 15.00 fr.) shows him also to have possessed the peculiarly French gift of writing with impressive brevity on moral topics.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell published, twenty-five years ago, *Benjamin Disraeli: an Unconventional Biography* in two volumes—a fascinating book long out of print. Much has been written in the interval on the subject, including the exhaustive six volume "official" Life by Monypenny and Buckle, but nothing which makes the re-issue of Mr. Meynell's sketch, in one volume, called **The Man Disraeli** (Hutchinson and Co.: 7s. 6d. n.), in any way superfluous. We are not told whether in this new issue anything has been omitted; on the other hand, a few additions here and there show that the author has had the subsequent writings before his eyes. The work is literally a word-portrait, the cumulative result of a long series of individual touches following in the main the order of chronology, but illuminating earlier events and opinions with constant reference to later, and making both a vivid and a consistent impression. That impression is almost wholly favourable; the Man Disraeli is a man to be admired, respected, even loved; honest in life and unselfish in his

ambitions; a man superior to his birth and surroundings, contriving to remain as well above as outside the game of politics which absorbed his contemporaries, and keeping his detached outlook to the end. Mr. Meynell is soaked in his subject and illustrates every aspect of it from the abundance of his knowledge, not merely of Disraeli's career but of the literary and social history of the time. We are delighted to be reminded of Disraeli's keen perception of the industrial and religious confusion of his day,—a vision in which he was then almost alone,—as expressed in *Sybil* and later in *Lothair*. The former book should, indeed, be included in every social-study list, for it gives an adequate summary of the evil which the Reformation brought upon England and from which no party has hitherto managed to free the land.

In regard of the **Appendix to the Letters of St. Teresa** (Baker: 1s. 6d. post free), already noticed in these columns, we are asked to explain that it completes the Stanbrook edition by adding to the letters already published and translated those newly discovered by the Carmelite Fathers of Burgos, and also some fragments quoted by the historian Angel Manrique in his *Life of the Ven. Anne of Jesus* (Brussels, 1632). Those who already possess the four volumes should certainly complete them by securing this appendix: future purchasers will find it bound with Vol. IV.: while in the next edition of the work the additional letters and fragments will be inserted in their proper place in chronological order. It only remains to congratulate the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook Abbey upon the care they have taken to keep so valuable a contribution to our ascetical literature up to date.

#### NON-CATHOLIC.

**The Cult of Santiago, Traditions, Myths, and Pilgrimages**, by the Rev. James S. Stone, D.D. (Longmans: 15s. net), is called by the author "A sympathetic study," but his sympathy is throughout that of the condescending scholar, who "sympathizes," so to say, with his tongue in his cheek. There is an abundance of research and learning in the book; there is also such a mingling of tradition, and legend, and fact, that truth and fiction seem to be all one; when the author himself asserts his belief he illustrates it by such extravagances that we are compelled to define his idea of belief in a different sense from that of most men. It is difficult to know what useful purpose this kind of study serves; it is equally difficult to discover the purpose of the author, if it be not to hold up tradition in general to ridicule.

A perusal of the finely-printed collection of papers, published in the **Anglo-Catholic Congress Report** (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 7s. 6d.) of the proceedings in the Albert Hall last July, confirms the impression which the hearing of them made,—viz., that their doctrine was in the main Catholic but that it was not shown to be Anglican. No continuity was proved with pre-Reformation Eucharistic belief: no chain of concordant witnesses in the faith of divines from Cranmer to Pusey. In spite of the claims advanced here of Dr. E. G. Selwyn and Dr. Darwell Stone, we do not think it possible to find, in the whole "Anglo-Catholic Library" of eighty-four volumes, a single clear statement that Christ, really present on the altar at mass, is offered up to God as the Divine Victim. As for the Real Presence, this is how two Anglican theologians

attempt to explain it in terms of "modern philosophy":

There remains the question of Eucharistic adoration. . . . When a complex of opportunities of experience, which constitutes an object, exists as a complex in immediate dependence on a law which directly determines the actualization of essential elements in our Lord's nature, does such a relation exist between that object and our Lord as to justify our identifying the object with Him, in so far as such identification is involved in directing to the object those acts by which we express our adoration? (p. 118).

"Who is this," said the Lord in the Book of Job, "who wrappeth up sentences in unskilled words?" The Rev. Basil Butler is more successful in refuting the modernist argument for the pagan origin of the Eucharistic cult. On the other hand, Dr. N. P. Williams expounded his wholly inadequate theory of the Fall, which was examined in this paper last October, and we fear that hardly any Anglican nowadays, so bemused are they by evolutionary theories, holds the Catholic doctrine of Original Sin. We can only praise the various devotional papers, which make it easily credible that God visits the reception of Anglican Sacraments with many, technically non-Sacramental, graces.

An outsider who compares the atmosphere of this book with that of the Common Prayer Book will marvel at what "Anglo-Catholics" will put up with rather than lose their position in the Protestant Establishment.

Dr. Darwell Stone, Principal of Pusey House, makes in **The Prayer Book Measure and the Deposited Book** (Longmans: 1s. n.) an analysis of the situation created by the Common's Vote, and sees no hope of the Bishops' further amendments making the Book more acceptable. He therefore pleads for "conversations" between "Catholics" and Evangelicals which, with wholly unwarranted optimism, may result in an "agreed Book," agreement apparently being reached by silence about points of difference. But he reckons without Mr. Kensit, and Sir Joynson Hicks—above all, without the Modernists whom he does not propose to invite to the Conference. The weakness of this suggestion seems to us eloquent of the *impasse* to which "Anglo-Catholicism" in the National Church is reduced.

#### LITERARY.

The fourth volume of the *Readers' Theatre*, a series of plays issued by Messrs. Sheed and Ward (at 2s. 6d. n. and 3s. 6d. n.) for the study as well as for the stage, is a very strong one, being a comedy by Mr. Chesterton called **The Judgment of Dr. Johnson**. With characters like Johnson, Burke, Boswell and Wilkes, whose principles and characters are so familiar, Mr. Chesterton has a glorious opportunity for the most faithful parody, and his other, imaginary, portraits themselves stand for fundamental ideals which find forcible expression. The moral is no less excellent for being subtly conveyed in Dr. Johnson's lapidary eloquence—men must be masters of themselves before they can safely rule or properly obey.

#### POETRY.

The title of a compilation—**The Catholic Anthology**, edited by Thomas Walsh (Macmillan: \$2.50),—naturally provokes us by that little article, "The." Immediately it challenges criticism; and no doubt lovers of poetry will respond by asking why "The" Anthology does not contain this poem, or that, or the other. But in this we do not wish to

be critical; rather would we congratulate the editor on the work he has done, and the variety of poems of every age which he has gathered into one place. Part I., *The Ages of Faith*, contains poems from the beginning of Christianity to the Reformation; Part II., *The Age of Transition*, comes down to modern times; Part III., gives us the work of contemporary poets from 1870; Part IV. contains a few Catholic Poems by non-Catholics. There is an interesting appendix of biographical *data*, on every writer quoted in the text, ancient and modern. We are glad that no false modesty has prevented the compiler, who has read so widely and chosen so well, from including specimens of his own lofty and tender Muse. It is not correct, in view of the Poet-Laureate's edition, to say of G. M. Hopkins that "his poems are still uncollected."

That Mr. Walsh might have plucked more of his own flowers to grace his Anthology may be seen in *The Pilgrim Kings* (Macmillan: \$1.20), a volume which is full of the colour of Spain; but also of the spirit of an author who has a soul of his own, and his own way of expressing it. There is felt the influence of Browning in several dramatic pieces; the Alhambra songs give us much that rings of the East, mystical, elusive, on the border of fairy-land; sometimes one fancies one catches an echo of Matthew Arnold; but all the time the music and the words are distinctly personal to the author. If we looked for a poem which would seem to bring together most of Mr. Walsh's characteristics, perhaps we would choose his sonnet "To a Sonnet on the Sonnet."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The immense services rendered to the science of ethnology by Catholic missionaries all over the globe are fully exhibited in the volume devoted to *La Religion ou le Paganisme des Marquisiens* (Beauchesne: Paris), by Père Simeon Delmas, S.S.C.C., a missionary in those scattered S. Pacific islands. A vast amount of curious information regarding the customs and ideas of those primitive peoples is here collected and classified with important notes on their language. The author shows himself well acquainted with the literature of the subject, to which his own book forms an important addition. Many interesting illustrations adorn his pages.

As an outcome of wide experience and observation *Literary Art and Modern Education* (Kenedy, New York: \$1.75), by Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., deserves careful consideration. The book is a collection of the author's best lectures and papers on educational subjects, delivered or written with all the weight of half-a-century's close study. The subject matter naturally adapts itself more to American than to British needs; Father Donnelly has watched many experiments in education all about him, and the results have taught him that, after all, there is much good in old forms and traditions, much risk in what is merely new. Incidentally we on this side of the Atlantic may learn much from these chapters of the mind of America in regard to the art of training youth.

"There's no art," says Macbeth, "to find the mind's construction in the face," but Shakespeare must have referred only to deliberate concealment of thought. Anyhow, Dr. John G. Vance, in *A Mirror of Personality* (Williams and Norgate: 5s. n.), sets out to show in how many unconscious ways character is displayed, in the individual's mien and bearing. The subject in itself is always fascinating; Dr. Vance

collects together and discusses many of the well-known signs; the only trouble is that, to the amateur at least, the exceptions to the rules seem to be as many as the examples. When we have studied all the signs, in hands and face, in chin and jaw, in eyes and head and shoulder, we may still be wrong in our deductions, and the charitable will be on their guard against rash judgments. Nevertheless, these various indications may be some guide to the skilled observer; and under Dr. Vance's guidance we may all hope to become skilled. It was St. Gregory of Nazianzen, we think, who pointed out, in a celebrated passage quoted by Newman, how completely Julian the Apostate's character was depicted in his outward bearing.

The sub-title of a wonderful book—**The White Harvest; a Symposium on Methods of Convert-Making**, edited by Rev. J. A. O'Brien (Longmans: 12s.6d. n.)—is all that we do not quite like about it. We feel so intensely that the Holy Spirit alone "makes" converts, and we should be so afraid of any reputation of skill in making them, and so forth, that, though the phrase is really intelligible and well-explained in the book, we still might wish it had been modified. We now give unmitigated praise to what we have called a "wonderful book." Few so frankly face a problem; so loyally re-examine methods; so resolutely attack a situation. To begin with, the mass of modern men are truthfully seen as not, like ancient pagans, fanatically or even loosely attached to some false religion, but, as alien to any religion—by that is meant, religious system or creed. Man is and always will be religious at heart, and sooner or later will create something "other-worldly." It is also seen that, given the spiritual powers at our disposal, converts to the one true Faith are astoundingly few. Also, that the Catholic laity (we might add, quite a number of our priests) are for one reason or another very uninterested in the "making" of converts. Yet, to convert the world is, as the Bishop of Oklahoma in his courageous preface says, Christ's dominant hunger. A parish priest must, according to Father Conway, C.S.P. (unconsciously echoing Cardinal Bourne) regard every human being in his parish as "his." Who, save the Catholic priest, is *charged* by Christ to help them? The sects have no such mandate. We alone have; and our Lord wishes each man to be saved. To each, therefore, our responsibility extends. No wonder we fly to prayer, and invoke the prayers of contemplatives, since we cannot even pray as we should, let alone meet and affect each soul. The book, then, is mainly filled with discussions of method, though here and there a special topic is touched on, such as negro-conversions. Methods of reaching souls; of instructing them when reached; of getting our own people to want to reach them. *Types* of converts are well discussed by Rev. E. J. Mannix, for what more frankly asks for unsuccess than to imagine that each soul will succumb to an identical official formula? Hence, the danger of *mere* classes. Individual attention *must* be given—individual sympathy. What hard-worked priest is sufficient for such things? The laity must play their rôle. We think that from this book then emerge at least certain principles. Every Catholic, to live fully his Catholic life, must see himself as responsible for others: instruction must begin from the actual assets of the "instructee": misunderstandings must then (as the Bishop of Fort Wayne so well writes) be affectionately removed; then come development, and then supplementing. May we add this—

a too large majority of converts lapse. This is often due to their not having been followed up. Some of that following up must be social and friendly; incredible how lonely and abandoned and *dull* a convert can be—remember that a non-Catholic who is “religious” at all, nearly always is and must be so by way of discovery: no one *teaches* him anything. Merely to substitute external authority for interior discovery and enterprise (we say “merely”), dries up vital interest. Finally, we hold that every convert ought to be reinstructed after a year of Catholic life! Book-learning can never provide the perspective, the appreciation, that experience does. Hence after a year, a convert’s mind will be quite changed—must be, and should be, but may dangerously so be changed. An “after-course”!

A great simplicity characterizes the stories and sketches contained in **From the Log of an old Physician** (Selwyn and Blount: 2s. 6d.) by X.Y.Z. The short tales are evidently authentic and no attempt is made to embellish them or heighten their effect, so that they pay the penalty for their truth in a certain flatness. One sketch recounts the writer’s intercourse with the late Father Michael Maher, S.J., author of “Psychology” in the Stonyhurst Philosophical Manuals, of whom, both as scholar and Jesuit, he appears to have conceived and maintained the highest appreciation.

Were we to judge the Talmud by the translation of **Tractate Shabbath Mishnah** (S.P.C.K.: 6s.) which Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley has edited, our estimate would be unfavourable. It bristles with examples of futile casuistry and fully justifies the scorn which our Lord poured out on this type of Pharisaism. For instance, a Sabbath day’s journey was about 1,000 yards, but by depositing food at this distance beforehand it might be regarded as within the home and taken as a starting point. Again, you are allowed to extinguish a lamp on the Sabbath for fear of an evil spirit but not from motives of economy. And so on. The little book is more than half made up of fascinating foot-notes full of scholarly research.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

It is a confession of negligence to be recommending only now the excellent **Catholic Home Annual** published by Mr. B. Herder at one shilling. Yet it possesses a multitude of attractions in the shape of essays and stories and pictures which are by no means out of date.

The very active Liturgical Press of Collegeville, Minnesota, conducted by the Benedictines of St. John’s Abbey, have added to their popular library **Offeramus: A Manual of the Ordinary of the Mass** (15 cents), very clearly printed in Latin and English, with an explanatory introduction by Dom Cuthbert Goeb, and **The Seal of the Spirit** (5 cents), the rite of Confirmation in Latin and English, translated by the Rev. R. E. Power.

Amongst recent C.T.S. reprints are **The Doctrine of “Intention,”** by Father Sydney Smith, recently revised, and important for the understanding of the Sacraments; and an old favourite, appropriate for Palm Sunday, **The Holy Donkey and Another**, by James Britten.

Father Felix Rinaldi, S.J., has reprinted from the *Civiltà Cattolica* a vivid and edifying account of one of the victims of the Mexican persecution, Father Michael Augustin Pro, S.J., under the title **Nel Messico Martoriato**, with photographs of the harrowing details of his actual execution, taken we believe, by Calles’ order.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**  
*Vers la Beauté.* By Mgr. A. Chabot. Pp. 176. Price, 7.00 fr. *Mère Marie Claver.* Edited by Col. de l'Eprevier. Pp. viii. 377. Price, 21.00 fr.
- BENZIGER BROS., New York.**  
*Shibboleths.* By Sister M. Paula, Ph.D. Pp. 160. Price, \$1.75. *That Second Year.* By I. T. McDonald. Pp. 192. Price, \$1.50.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**  
*The "Action Française" Condemnation.* By Denis Gwynn. Pp. viii. 272. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Life and Work of Cardinal Bellarmine.* By J. Brodrick, S.J. 2 Vols. Pp. 1,100. Price, 30s. n. *The Secret Paths of Divine Love.* By Fr. C. Barbanson. Edited by Dom J. McCann, O.S.B. Pp. xxxiii. 244. Price, 5s. and 7s. 6d. *The Mirror of Simple Souls.* Edited by Claire Kirchberger. Pp. lxvii. Price, 5s. and 7s. 6d.
- C.T.S., London.**  
*Several Twopenny Pamphlets.*
- CONSTABLE & Co., London.**  
*What can a Man Believe?* By Bruce Barton. Pp. vii. 189. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Marie-Edmée Pau.* By Abbé E. Maire. Pp. 141. Price, 3.00 fr.
- FROM THE AUTHORS.**  
*The Sun and other Poems.* By Helen Punch. Pp. 22. Price, 1s. *Votive Lights.* By Michael Garvey. Illustrated. Pp. 60.
- GABALDA, Paris.**  
*Saint Grégoire le Grand.* By Mgr. P. Batifol. Pp. 233. Price, 7.50 fr.
- HERDER, Freiburg.**  
*Philosophia Moralis.* By Victor Cathecin, S.J. 14th Edit. revised by author. Pp. xxx. 524. Price, 6.00 m. or 7.50 m. bound. *Philosophia Naturalis.* By Ch. Frank, S.J. Pp. xv. 365. Price, 6.00 and 7.20 mm.
- HERDER, London.**  
*Holy Week.* Edited by Abbot Cabrol. Pp. 392. Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d. and 4s.
- KEGAN PAUL & Co., London.**  
*It is the Mass that Matters.* By Right Rev. A. Macdonald, O.P. Pp. vii. 101. Price, 4s. 6d. n. *The Primacy of Thought in Poetry.* By the Same. Pp. 104. Price, 4s. 6d. n. *The Litany of Loreto.* By the Same. Pp. 63. Price, 1s.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.**  
*"Veritas."* By R. P. G. Gerest, O.P. Vol. II. Pp. xvi. 588. Price, 22.00 fr.
- METHUEN, London.**  
*A History of England.* By H. Belloc. Vol. III. Pp. xvi. 373. Price, 15s. n.
- LETOUZEY ET ANE, Paris.**  
*Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique.* Edited by E. Amann. Fasc. 78—80. Price, 12.00 fr. each.
- LITURGICAL PRESS, Collegeville, Min.**  
*Offeramus.* Edited by Dom C. Goeb, O.S.B. Pp. 93. Price, 15c. *The Seal of the Spirit.* By Rev. R. E. Power. Pp. 14. Price, 5c.
- LONGMANS, London.**  
*Our Lord and Saviour.* By Rev. Peter Green, M.A. Pp. xiii. 112. Price, 4s. n. *Legislation on the Sacraments.* By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S. Pp. xxv. 411. Price, 12s. 6d. n. *The Great Reality.* By Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole. Pp. xiv. Price, 6s. 6d. n. *Holy Matrimony.* By P. J. Gannon, S.J. Pp. 125. Price, 4s. n. *The Life Eternal: Here and Now.* By A. Nairne, D.D. Pp. xi. 173. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- OLDENBURG, Berlin.**  
*Handbuch der Philosophie,* Nos. 17, 18.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.**  
*Writings ascribed to Richard Rolle.* Edited by Hope Emily Allen. Pp. xv. 568. Price, 30s. n.
- PONTIFICAL BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Rome.**  
*Psalterium ex Hebræo Latinum.* By Rev. F. Zorell, S.J. Pp. xxii. 311. Price, 35.00l.
- SHEED & WARD, London.**  
*The Judgment of Dr. Johnson: A Comedy.* By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 96. Price, 3s. 6d., cloth. *The Condemnation of the "Action Française."* Edited by Leo Ward. Pp. 79. Price, 1s. n.
- S.P.C.K., London.**  
*Minucius Felix.* By Rev. H. J. Baylis. Pp. vii. 376. Price, 15s. n. *The Ninth Lord Petre.* By M. D. Petre. Pp. xvi. 334. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York.**  
*The Jesuits in Modern Times.* By John La Farge, S.J. Pp. 146.
- WAGNER, New York.**  
*The History of Franciscan Preaching.* By A. Zawart, O.M.Cap. Pp. 355. Price, \$1.50.

